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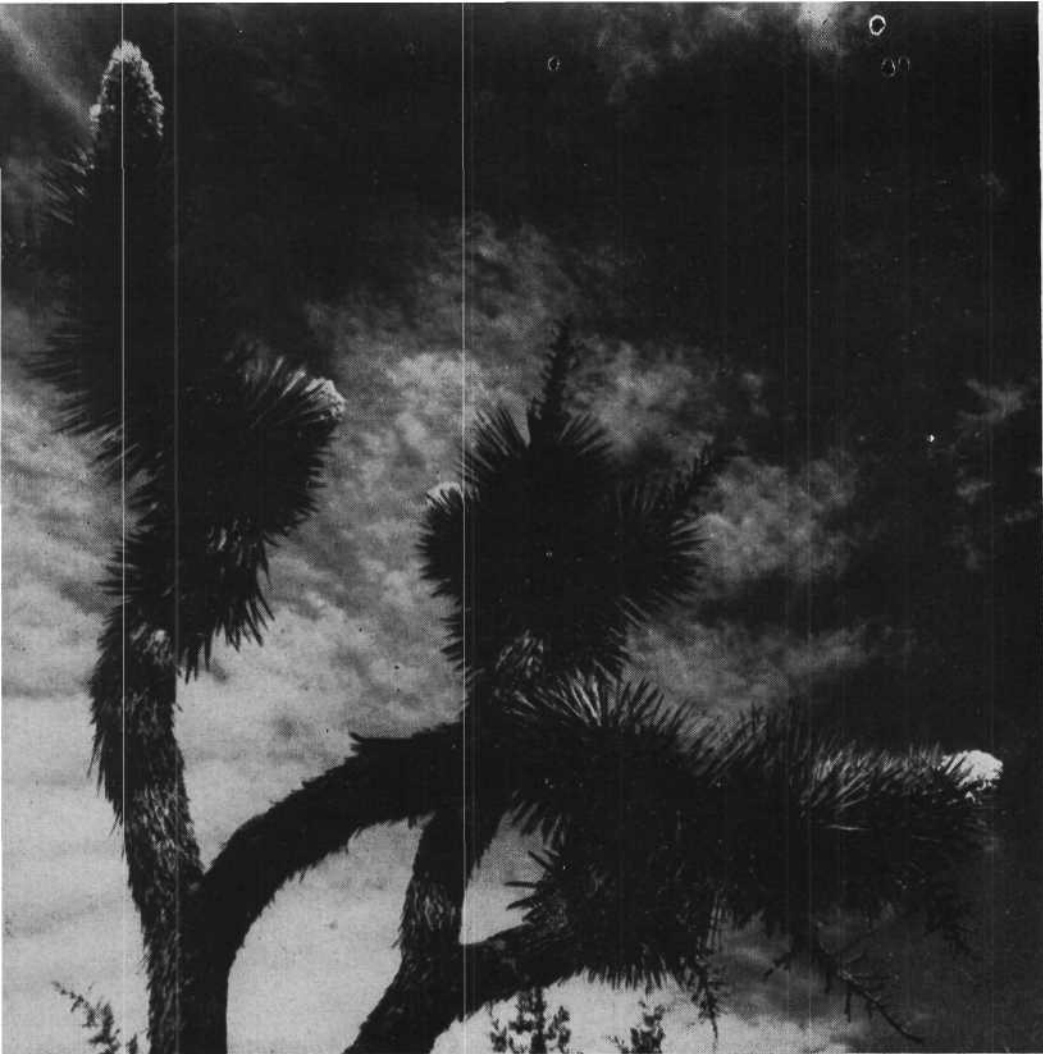
Desert

M A G A Z I N E



MAY, 1945

25 CENTS



THERE IS NEED OF THE DESERT

By AMY VIAU
Santa Ana, California

Some call it waste
As though there is not need
Of vastness with a silence
Reaching unto stars
And trackless ways unchecked by bars.

The desert is
A lover of the flown sea,
With open arms left empty
Save of weathered brush
On lee of sand.
Its brooding heart breathes hues
Of saffron, purple, mist-blues
Melting into hush.
The day and night
Cast dreams upon its breast
Which lure by promise of rest
From earth's wakeful rush.

Ask him who seeks
This span of solitude
What need there is of desert.
And his words may be
"To brace my soul with constancy."

THE DESERT LAND

By MILDRED HANSEN DENNISON
Mojave, California

To those who've never known or walked
These trails of sun and sand,
This is but waste; they've never talked
The language of this land.

They do not know
The desert song, the symphony
Of wind across the dune,
Nor see the silvered filigree
Of sage against the moon,
Nor feel the flow
Of healing peace that comes to those
Who know and understand
The sun, the storm, the still repose
Of this, the desert land!

MOONLIGHT COMES TO THE DESERT HILLS

By DELLA P. CLARK
Glendale, California

Above the desert hills a white moon swings,
Strange beauty rests upon familiar things.

Along the trails beneath these spendthrift beams
Lie mystery, romance, and broken dreams.

Elusive scents escape from bud and tree
Like wafts of fragrant memories set free,

And mystic stuff like star-dust, fine and white,
Comes down to mingle with the sand at night.

These moon-lit hills seem very far away
From all the harsh and barren things of day;

Their craggy peaks are very near the stars
And a seamless robe of silver hides their scars.

DESERT REST

By CLARICE WIDMAN
Loveland, Colorado

Beyond the Rimrock Mountains lie
Vastnesses of a cobalt sky.
Man dwarfed to insignificance
May comprehend magnificence
And feel that God is nigh.

CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LEMERT PAXTON
A sleek old rattler was warming himself
In the last lingering rays of the sun;
If I'm not mistaken, he was bored with
life
And hoping to have some fun.

Rejuvenation

By MORA M. BROWN
Riverside, California

The ragged Joshuas, like hags bewitched with
pain,
Crouch solemnly through dust and heat and cold
Until—rain-cleansed, sun-warmed—no longer
old,
They flaunt their yearly beauty, white and bold
And shout, "Oh desert, we are young again!"

IN THE HOLLOW OF GOD'S HAND

By JANICE KING
Brawley, California

God proffers His hand wherein there lies
A jewel as azure as the skies,
A sapphire set in the diamond sand,
The Chocolate Mountains the wedding band,
Shadowy smoke trees the filigree
Of the ring that links God's hand to thee.

Untie the ribbons of roadway white.
Lift the fleecy clouds so the light
Shines on the gem He holds in His hand,
A symbol of gifts at His command,
Gifts of abundance offered His heirs,
For the very universe is theirs.

His is a gift of the sun-swept hills,
Of summer skies, and the quiet thrills,
Of boundless horizons, rolling lands,
And sparkling waters transforming sands
To flowering groves with fields between,
Shading from emerald to palest green.

God asks a pittance for gifts so rare—
A kindly spirit; perhaps a prayer;
A hand outstretched to a friend in need;
The mastery of hatred, sin, and greed.
These conquests form—with the Golden Rule—
Man's bond to God through the azure jewel.

POET AND THE DESERT

By EMILY PATTERSON SPEAR
Seattle, Washington

He may not speak the rapture of his heart
When desert splendor flames before his eyes,
For speech is silent when the poet stands
Before the open door of paradise.
For here the fires of poetry burn high,
And here the majesty of earth abides;
It is here the poet sees beyond the stars,
The soul of things—the upward flowing tides.
Who has felt the heart of him beat high
At sight of cacti flowering in the sun
Until he saw beyond the petaled bloom
The mystic pattern of its beauty spun?
God bless the poet for he calls the world
To witness grandeur of the heritage
He gave when with pen dipped in fount of love.
He wrote the splendor of the desert page.

DESERT YEARNING

By CAROLYN WILLIS OWEN
Kansas City, Missouri

I have looked on the desert at dawn,
When the heavens were roseate gold,
And my eyes then knew they were feasting
On a beauty they longed to enfold.

I have gazed on the desert at noon-time
When the sun was so molten with heat
That the sands were embellished and shining
In a glory no jewel could repeat.

I have looked on the desert at evening
When the sunset was painting the west,
And my eyes were asking a question,
"Is not this when its beauty is best?"

Then I saw the desert at night-time
Under the spell of a star-lit dome
And I knew I should go on forever
With a yearning to make it my home.

DESERT Close-Ups

• Service men overseas (and relatives and friends in U.S.) will be interested in Leland Quick's suggestions on page 37 of this issue. Buying gem material in foreign countries to be sold here may prove not only a profitable transaction for a returning veteran, but the beginning of a satisfying hobby. And a wide demand for lapidary classes for veterans vocational training may lead to occupations ideally suited to the handicapped as well as to those who want an outdoor life.

• New contributor this month is Lena Creswell, retired doctor of osteopathy, writer and traveler. Her story about Happy Sharp on page 23 is the result of one of her many hobbies—that of meeting unusual people in out of the way places. Nominally a resident of San Diego, California, she has been "commuting" for some time between Tucson, New York and Mexico D. F., studying and gathering material for feature articles.

• Maurine Whipple, author of *The Giant Joshua*, Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship prize novel which was reviewed in DESERT, April, 1941, has another book scheduled for publication soon. It is a Utah state guide, *This Is the Place*, covering the entire state and some of the surrounding country, illustrated with color plates and many rotogravure photos.

MAY CALENDAR

Southwest Indian baskets, rugs, blankets, pottery, paintings and silver and turquoise jewelry from the Fred K. Hinchman collection will be on view daily from 1 to 5 except Mondays, at Southwest Museum, Highland Park, Los Angeles, California. Exhibit through April was a group of paintings and statues of Saints, known as *Santos* and *Bultos*, a quaint and naive form of folk art developed in New Mexico in early Spanish-Mexican days. Free to public.

• • •
Annual exhibition of Los Angeles Lapidary society, first important recognition of amateur lapidary work as an art form, will be held, for two months beginning May 12 in Museum of Science, History and Art, Exposition Park, Los Angeles. Members will be hosts to friends at open house the evenings of May 12-13.

• • •
Silk screen prints of Navajo sandpaintings, depicting the Navajo ceremonial "Where the Two Came to Their Father" is the current showing at Museum of Northern Arizona, Flagstaff. Museum open to visitors on Saturdays 9 to 12 and 1 to 5; on Sundays 1:30 to 5. Advance appointments for other hours may be made with Miss Katharine Bartlett, curator.



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MAY, 1945

Number 7

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Last of the Wetherill Brothers

With the passing of John Wetherill at Kayenta, Arizona, last November, only one brother remains of the Wetherill family which played a major role in the discovery and early exploration of the Mesa Verde Indian ruins in southwestern Colorado. Alfred, the last of the brothers, lives at Tulsa, Oklahoma.

The five Wetherill brothers and a sister married to Charles Mason, made their home in the 1880's near Mancos, Colorado, where their father homesteaded the Alamo ranch. They were in the cattle business.

Indian ruins were known to exist in that area, and in riding their range the boys often caught glimpses of these old cliff dwellings. When there was spare time they explored them.

They read what material and government reports they

could obtain, and gradually devoted more and more time between cattle-hunting trips to the hunting of old ruins. There was no profit in these excursions. They gave their time to it because for them it was a fascinating pastime.

Some of the ruins already had been visited by trappers and prospectors, and considerable damage had been done, and the Wetherills were interested in preserving the relics of the ancient civilization. It happened that Al was the brother who first saw the massive ruin now known as Cliff Palace.

In order to clear up some confusion in the records as to the circumstances of the discovery, *Desert Magazine* asked Al to write the story as he recalls it, and this is his report:

As I Remember . . .

By AL WETHERILL

I WAS alone the day I first got a glimpse of the Cliff Palace. But I was too tired to do anything about it—and that is why there has been some confusion over its discovery.

My brother Richard, Dr. Comfort (of Fort Lewis, which was occupied at that time by troops) and myself, were camped near where Johnson canyon connects with Cliff canyon. Early in the morning, Richard and Dr. Comfort took the horses and rode off up Johnson canyon while I went on foot up Cliff canyon. I planned to follow around the foot of the upper ledge through which a small seepage of water had been forming caverns or caves for centuries. The Cliff Dwellers took advantage of these places for many generations, judging from the numbers of coatings of plaster applied to the buildings whenever the dirt or ceremonials demanded a change. On this particular day, we weren't hunting stray cattle, but were on the lookout for ruins.

Our interest in them had dated from the time I first heard there was an old ruin of some kind down the canyon, about twelve miles from the ranch. I went down to investigate and found the one which we named "Sandal House" because of the specimens which systematic digging later disclosed. Then we would find others when we were rounding up cattle. We began to make a study of the buildings and their one-time inhabitants, although we could not give it much attention then as we were trying to make a home worth living for . . . So it was about 1887 before we could go ruin hunting for no other purpose.

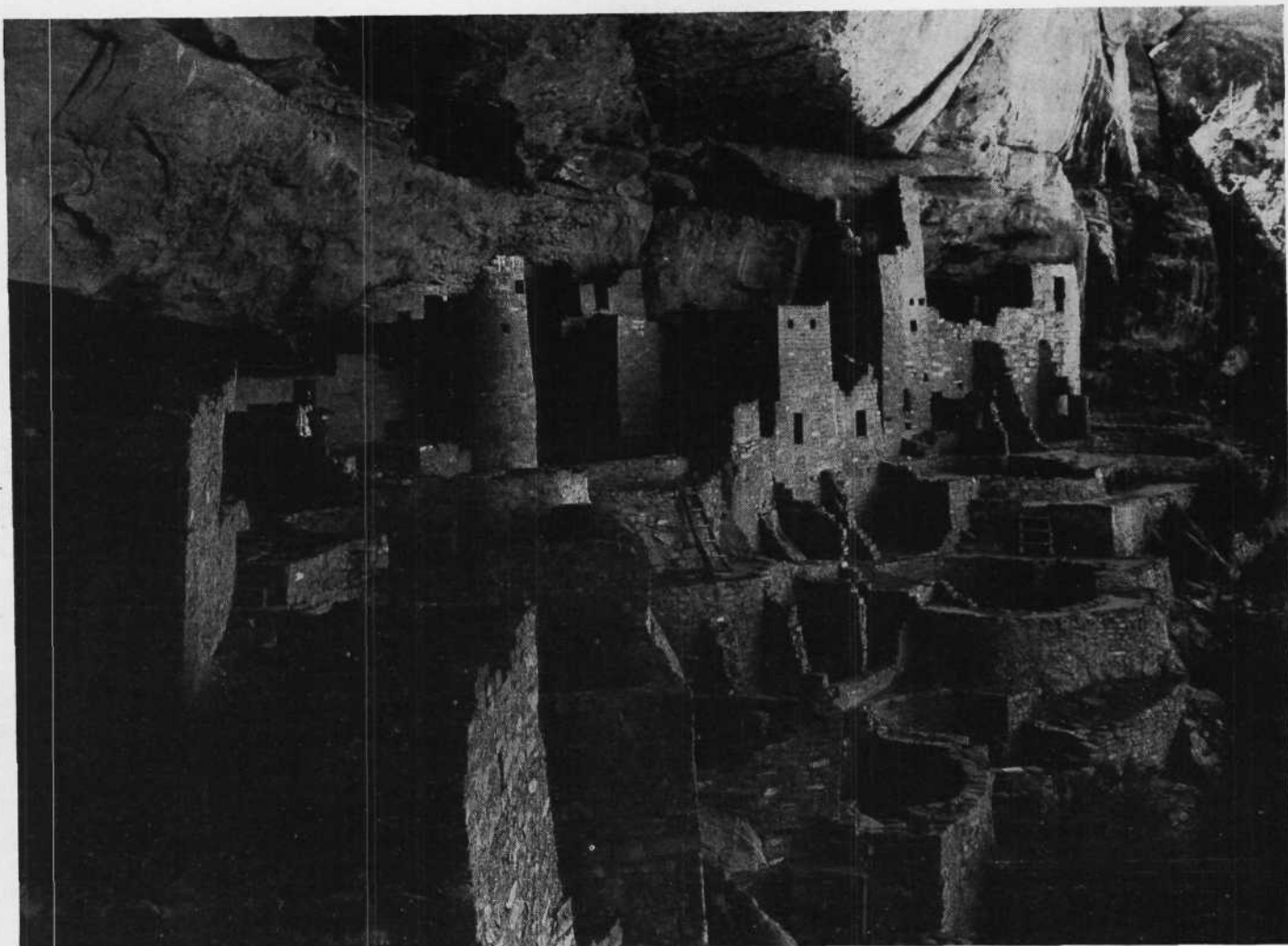


Alfred Wetherill is now 83.

As I traveled up the bed of the canyon, I saw one large ruin on the South cliff and climbed up to it. It had been practically demolished by the trappers or prospectors who came down from the high La Platas. Unfortunately, very often they, and the government surveyors, also, came under the category of "pot-hunters" who would wreck an entire ruin to get one bowl they neither really appreciated nor cared for. They had gone through the canyon at different times and stumbled onto a number of the buildings in their wanderings.

I looked around and found a few fragments of pottery and pieces of spun or woven scraps of material made from yucca plant, scattered on the ground, but that was all. The pot-hunters had excavated a small cavern in the floor, evidently in an attempt to get old Indian relics. I passed a small branch canyon on the west side of the main canyon, going on to Balcony House, perhaps two miles farther up the main canyon which probably had been built in that location because of adequate water supply. Balcony House and the ruin we later named "The Brownstone Front," a fairly large building on the opposite side, both had been ransacked by pot-hunters. Later, with good equipment, we were able to clean out and repair much of the damage done, and also made a number of good finds which their surface rummaging had missed.

Before continuing past the tributary canyon I mentioned before, I had noted that it was the only one that had shown up as far as this point. I do not know how much time I spent in getting this far away from camp, but as long as I had gone that distance up the canyon, I thought it might be well to cross over from the main canyon and come down the small branch. I climbed up the side of the canyon opposite the Brownstone Front, and through a small gap broken in the top ledges, crossed over the mesa top and struck into the head of the canyon in which Cliff Palace was located. The canyon was short—perhaps two or three miles from the source to where it reached the main Cliff canyon. I started to follow down the rough and rocky bed of the canyon as being the easiest and



Cliff Palace in Mesa Verde National Park.

quickest way out. The sides of the slopes were covered with small trees and brush so thick as to almost cover the view of the top ledges. Great rock slides and "jump offs" were hard to get around or over, but when I was about half the distance down the small canyon, I saw through an opening in the thick growth, the towers of Cliff Palace.

By that time, I didn't have enough energy to go up the slope through the brush and trees to investigate, and decided there would be time enough another day. If I had realized the extent of the find, I would have forgotten how tired I was and made the climb anyway. But by this time, I felt plenty worn out and kept on going. After getting about a mile beyond the mouth of the gulch, I met Richard and Dr. Comfort—and the horses—and told what I had seen. They had been wondering if I had fallen off a cliff or had been detained by some other accident.

We went on back to the ranch and were too busy for awhile to do anything about it. Then one day, Richard and Charles Mason, while looking for cattle and water holes on the top of the mesa, saw the spot where I had told them the ruins were lo-

cated. The beauty of it fascinated them and from then on we went in more for archeology than we did for ranching.

It isn't really so terribly important, I guess, who discovered what, first. There were so many ruins, each had some special feature all its own, and they all contained archeological treasures far beyond any money value.

We all worked together, the five of us and Charles Mason — cleaning, repairing, hunting in the various buildings. John, Charles and I travelled on foot and carried packs on our backs all over Navajo canyon. When we would find a place, we'd go back to bring horses and pack outfits to where we wanted to work.

In 1888, we assembled a collection for the Historical Society of Denver. That was our first.

Baron G. Nordenskiöld came to the ranch in 1891 as a tourist and became so enthusiastic over the ruins that he decided to stay there to accomplish the contribution to science by which he must win the right to his title.

John and I made his collection for him and gave him the material for his book. I

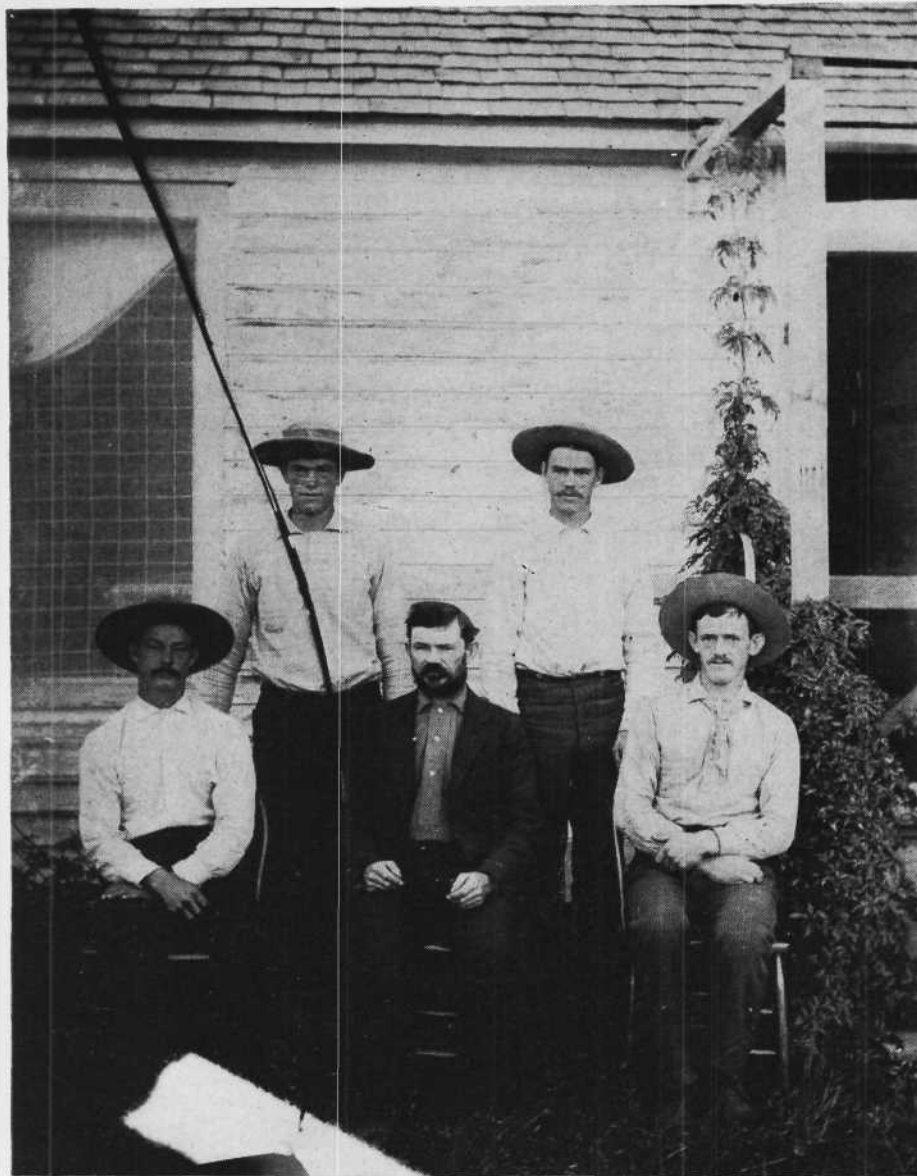
have an autographed copy which he gave me. His picture, and one letter written after he returned home I have saved.

The work in the ruins took all summer. In the fall, Baron Nordenskiöld and I made the trip to the Grand Canyon, taking along a boy to look after the horses. We went by way of Tuba, crossed the Little Colorado, went down into the canyon and crossed the Colorado river on a log raft we made and climbed up the opposite side where the Bright Angel comes into the canyon. We returned to the ranch in time for Christmas.

In 1893, we made our own collection for Alamo ranch museum.

In 1895, John married and temporarily lost much of his interest in ancient history in favor of the more modern undertaking of establishing a home of his own.

But Richard and Clayt and I kept the Ancients company for a time without much help from the other two brothers and Charles . . . Then the Hyde Exploring expedition sponsored a collection we made for the Peabody museum in 1896. Richard stayed with them for some time, and was in charge of their work in southeastern Colo-



Martha Wetherill Stewart, niece, who secured this old family photograph for Desert Magazine, wrote: "See what my mother means when she says they might be taken for cattle rustlers? Anyhow, standing, on the left, and looking like "Peck's Bad Boy" is Win, when he was about 17, I believe. Beside him, standing, is Clayton, who might pass for Bret Harte's Jack Hamlin, the gambler. Seated, are the three older brothers—Alfred, Richard and John. (I don't think Bob Wills, nor any of the modern cowboys would claim them as professional brothers . . . and that works both ways, so doesn't bother anyone.) The plate is cracked, as you can see."

rado and northeastern Arizona and part of Utah.

Over the long period of years, John, Richard and I did most of the actual work. Charles helped, as did Clayt and Win at various times, but we three felt, somehow, that the ruins were our personal responsibility. We derived much satisfaction from it all, and felt that by our interest we helped to preserve treasures that might otherwise have been destroyed by vandals. If we accomplished anything at all toward giving southwestern archeology its rightful place in scientific interest, and I feel that we have, then it was more than worth all the hard labor, all the mummy dust we ate while we dug through the hot summer

days, and the unfriendly attitude we often had to cope with from many who might have cooperated.

John's life from the time he left the ranch is well known. His father-in-law was a mineralogist and an expert mining man. The two of them went into Monument Valley looking for mines — the Merrick and Mitchell Lost Mine being their particular goal. When they arrived at the location, they found one sack of ore which had been left behind after the two men were killed. The specimens were so poor that they gave up any further search for mines and located at Kayenta.

There were many adventures during the years that followed. The trading post was

more of a side line, because John's interests hinged on scientific work, and by study and associations, he became probably the best posted man on subjects pertaining to the historical background of that part of the country.

His discovery of Rainbow Bridge, the various ruins in his area and his expeditions, are in Desert Magazine's files as they have appeared in articles from time to time.

John and Lula Wetherill quelled the Ute Indian uprising of 1915 by their diplomacy and the friendship and trust which the Indians had in them. It quieted down within ten days. I am sure that no one, anywhere, understood the Navaio and their problems as well as John and his wife.

His death is such a great loss to so many that it is unnecessary to dwell on his passing, as he has left his mark, which cannot be erased.

. . . .

PROPOSE PALO VERDE MESA LANDS FOR WAR VETERANS

Sponsored by President Ed. F. Williams of the Blythe chamber of commerce and leaders in local and state civic affairs, a plan for the irrigation and development of 16,000 acres of desert land on the Palo Verde mesa in Riverside county, California, is being urged for the benefit of war veterans.

About one-third of the area is patented, either as school land or as perfected homesteads. The other two-thirds is held by desert entrymen who filed on Palo Verde mesa and Chuckawalla lands under the desert entry law between 1905 and 1910.

Owing to the fact that prior to the building of Boulder dam, the Colorado river run-off was at times inadequate for lands already in cultivation in the lower river basin, the entrymen asked congress and were granted an extension of time in which to conform to the desert entry laws requiring the development of water before patent would be issued.

Since the completion of Boulder dam the entrymen have continued to ask for extensions. The last of these waivers expires in June, 1945. In the meantime many of the original entrymen have died and their rights have passed on to the heirs who in many instances are not interested in desert reclamation.

In order to clear up the situation and make the lands available for use, Williams and others are asking that no further extension of time be granted, and that the land which reverts to public status be developed as a post-war reclamation project by the Bureau of Reclamation. Under the apportionment of Colorado river water made by the river basin states in 1931, the Palo Verde mesa acquired the same water rights as are held by Imperial and Coachella valleys.

Dawn Cactus of Green River

The stage setting for this story was several million years ago—but the little drama enacted on a rocky hillside of that period is of interest today because it throws new light on the origin of one of the best known plants in the Southwest. In this story, Jerry Laudermilk presents what little is known about the ancestry of the prickly pear cactus. If you are a botanist, you will want to read this story. And if not—well, it will be good exercise for your imagination.

By JERRY LAUDERMILK

Drawings by the Author

The world's oldest known cactus, Eopuntia douglassii, The Dawn-opuntia from Green River shales of Utah. Experts were considerably surprised to find that this prickly pear of 20,000,000 years ago so closely resembled modern species. Redrawn by the author from the photograph in the American Journal of Botany for October, 1944.

the laggard of the herd cleared it in four jumps. The important feature is that at the bottom of the slope, a mere hundred yards or so away, there curved the bank of a small creek littered with branches and other forest flotsam on the way to the great lake. All the plants that grew on the crumbly slope rode along with the moving soil and were tumbled into the water. The "ruction" was less impressive than the splashing of a giant pig taking a bath. If you could have watched this latest donation to the drifting trash you would have seen a well grown plant nowadays familiar to all dwellers of the Southwest, a cactus of the prickly pear type on its way to preservation in the sediments of Lake Uinta.

Viewed as a lone incident without consideration of its possible future importance, the event was as insignificant as a single figure in the whole geological record. But minor incidents frequently become great through associations at first unguessed. The annals of science are rich with such cases: For example, certain fossil shells of tiny animals, the Foraminifera, once were but the subject of an interesting hobby for eccentric Mid-Victorian microscopists. But today, their significance having become known, they form the basis of a special branch of science and expedite the search

THE leading episode of this story happened long ago in eastern Utah near the present town of Watson. In fact, it was so long ago that the earth has since made twenty million circuits 'round the sun. The Rockies have since been thrust up from an ancient plain and five separate times the glaciers came sliding over the world like monstrous tools of ice. These, and wind and water and slow-writhing subterranean forces have re-wrought the shape of the land as a clay model is changed to fit the image in the mind of a sculptor.

So it has been many ages since that afternoon in the Eocene, as geologists call the opening scene of the era of modern life, when a large herd of the diminutive, four-toed mountain horse, Orohippus scampered from a thicket where palmettos, magnolias and other warmth-loving plants

grew interspersed with hardier broad-leaved species. In some ways the landscape resembled that of present day Louisiana even to the numerous bayous and marshy places. But there were also areas of higher land, ancient residual benches of a dissected flood-plain. It was over one of these that the little horses were going toward water, a great land-locked lake, ancient Lake Uinta, that shimmered away toward the heart of Colorado. As they raced down a steep slope their rattling hooves shook the pebbly soil and set the hillside moving.

As avalanches go this was hardly a fifth-rate sample. Actually, it was so small that



FRUIT



Pereskia pereskia. The most primitive of the Cactaceae. Hardly what you would expect to find qualifying as a cactus but the flower tells the story. This is a common woody climber from Mexico and West Indies, frequently grown as an ornamental.

for oil. So the leading episode of my story, the accidental dousing of a cactus in a creek, may sometime have utilitarian importance. As it is, the simple fact that a cactus was preserved is interesting enough from the light it casts on the early history of the Angiosperms or flowering plants.

The origin of the Cactaceae long has been one of the puzzles of plant evolution. The family numbers about 1500 species all of which with one exception, those of the genus *Rhipsalis*, are natives of America and live between latitudes 59 degrees North and 49 South. *Rhipsalis* itself, a strange, switch-like tree-dweller from the jungles of Ceylon and Africa, some authorities believe, is actually a wanderer from America carried to lands beyond the sea by migrating birds or other causes. At any rate, certain species of *Rhipsalis* from both sides of the Atlantic appear to be identical.

In the history of a flowering plant it's the blossom that furnishes most information. With the Cactaceae the flower structure suggests relationship to the myrtles probably, and possibly with the roses and so to a generalized buttercup-like ancestor. How the Cactaceae may have evolved is clear enough but their pedigree or origin is a different story; the trail vanished at the beginning of the early recent or late Pleistocene.

Until recently the only positive evidence for the existence of ancient cacti was a few spines and pieces of desiccated epidermis that Phil Munz and I recovered from the giant sloth remains in Rampart and Muay caves of Arizona. This was obviously

from *Opuntia basilaris*, the common beaver tail cactus that grows around the caves today. While this was interesting as showing that cacti grew in the desert several thousand years ago it didn't throw any light on the remote history of the family.

Paleobotanists were inclined to the belief that if a very ancient cactus should be found it would resemble *Pereskia*, the "Barbados gooseberry," a woody climber with true leaves that lives in the West Indies and Central America.

In 1926 Earl Douglass, an experienced collector was salvaging the Eocene plant fossils being taken from the Green River shales of Utah. Among this material were a fossil *Opuntia* preserved as a beautiful impression and shreds of carbonized tissue. This specimen which consists of three joints, a fruit and possibly part of a flower along with three other specimens consisting of separate joints, were made the subject of extensive research by the eminent paleobotanist, Dr. Ralph Chaney of the University of California at Berkeley. Chaney's investigations showed that the plant was actually what it first appeared to be, an *Opuntia* closely resembling modern species but with some important primitive characteristics that show a nearer resemblance to *Pereskia* than most contemporaneous *Opuntias* display.

Although Mr. Douglass' discovery was made in 1926 Dr. Chaney did not publish the results of his investigations until October 1944 when the whole story about the fossil appeared in the *American Journal of Botany* for that date. The peculiar characteristics of the fossil were so definite that Dr. Chaney made it representative of a new species which he named *Eopuntia douglassii* or Douglass' Dawn-cactus in honor of its discoverer.

"THIS IS THE PLACE" MONUMENT TO BE DEDICATED IN UTAH CENTENNIAL

On the morning of July 24, 1847, Wilford Woodruff drove his light spring wagon out of Emigration canyon in Utah and stopped on an eminence overlooking the great valley of the Salt Lake.

Brigham Young, in the vehicle with the driver, gazed over the valley below in silence, then turned to the Mormon leaders who had accompanied him on the long trek from Nauvoo, Illinois, and said: "It is enough. This is the right place, drive on."

That was the decision which established the Utah desert as the home of the Mormon church and its people. Many years later a square granite shaft with a buffalo skull carved in bas-relief near the top was erected to mark the spot.

Now a new and more imposing monument is to be erected. The Utah legislature



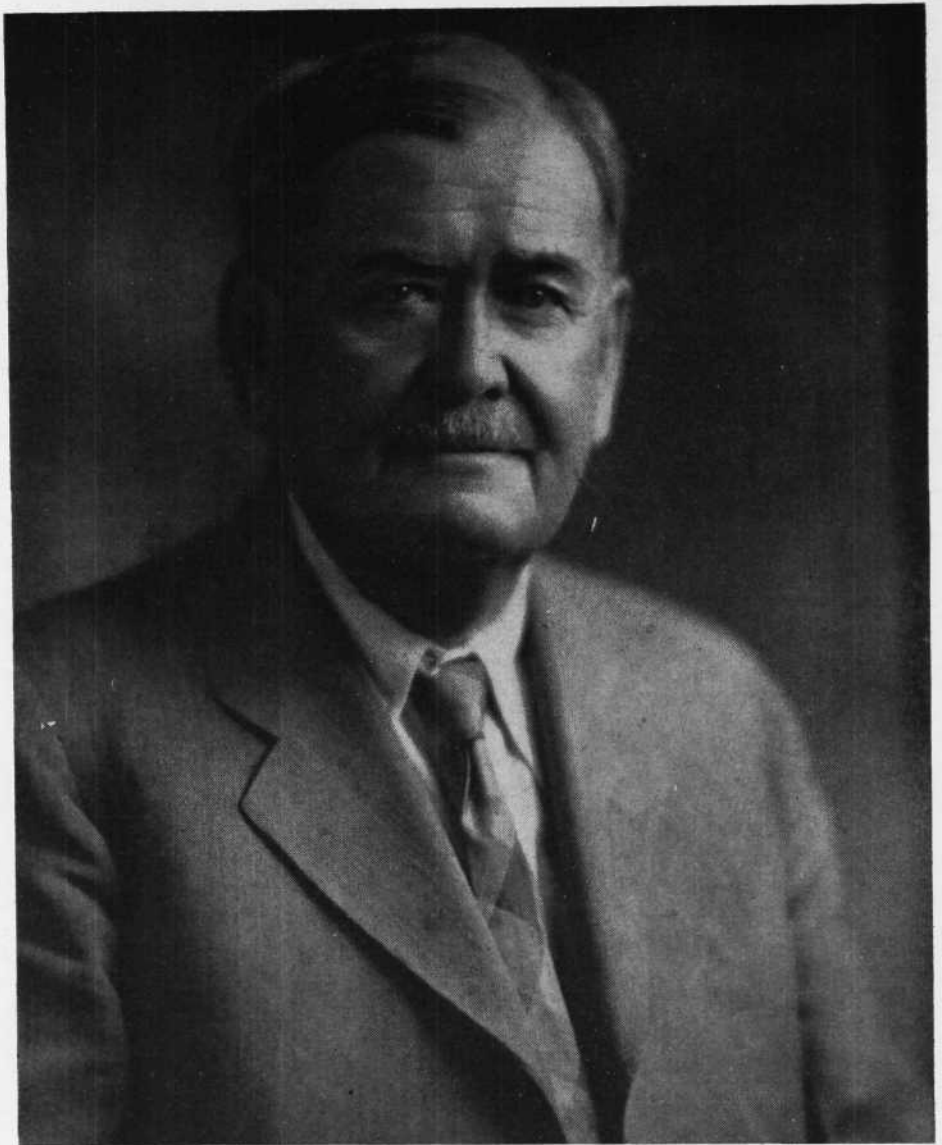
Rhipsalis, the single exception to the rule that all cacti are American. This specimen of *Rhipsalis cassutha* comes from Ceylon but its ancestors may have originated in America many thousands of years ago.

Cactus fossils are extremely rare, perhaps because they generally grow on the open desert or exposed hillsides far from water. Their chances of being preserved as fossils are very slim unless helped by a series of fortunate circumstances such as I described at the beginning of this story. As it was, most of the early cacti which might have been saved as fossils lived to dry out and crumble away without leaving a trace behind.

this year appropriated \$125,000 for that purpose, and an equal sum is being raised by popular subscription under the leadership of Heber J. Grant, president of the Church of Latter Day Saints.

The new monument is to be sculptured by Mahroni Young, grandson of the great Mormon leader. Central figures, and bas-reliefs, cast in bronze are to be placed in 1947, and the dedication will be July 24 of that year when Utah observes the centennial of the Mormon trek to Utah. The central shaft of the monument is to be 60 feet high, and will be topped by figures of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Wilford Woodruff. Below on the wings will be smaller groups representing Fathers Escalante and Dominguez, first white explorers of Utah territory, and of the trappers who came after them.

Just before this story of Frank Walker went to press, his long life of invaluable service ended. He died March 20, at the age of 72, and was buried at St. Michaels Mission in northeastern Arizona . . . As assistant to the Franciscan Fathers at St. Michaels he interpreted most of the now classic *Ethnologic Dictionary of the Navaho Language*. As interpreter for the government at Fort Defiance, he was instrumental in bringing about a better understanding between Navajo and white man. Although he had been in semi-retirement at the mission the past years he still remained active in this role. Even in his last illness, he was called upon to interpret in federal court proceedings . . . Here Richard Van Valkenburgh has sketched the life story of the man he esteemed and loved most among all his friends in Navajoland.



Frank Walker, ablest of Navajo interpreters.

Interpreter to the Navajo

By RICHARD VAN VALKENBURGH

SOME years ago I was assigned to aid our public relations man at Window Rock, Arizona, in obtaining the recordings of the voices of the important Navajo headmen. Aware that such an undertaking would be delicate, as the Navajo were bitter over the reduction of their flocks by the Indian department, I went to Sonsola for the advice of Henry Chee Dodge, the greatest man of the tribe.

Sitting deep in his great leather chair the "Old Man" heard me. For some moments he did not answer. Then he advised, "With good interpreting by a respected elder of our people, you might get the headmen's voices recorded on wax. If you

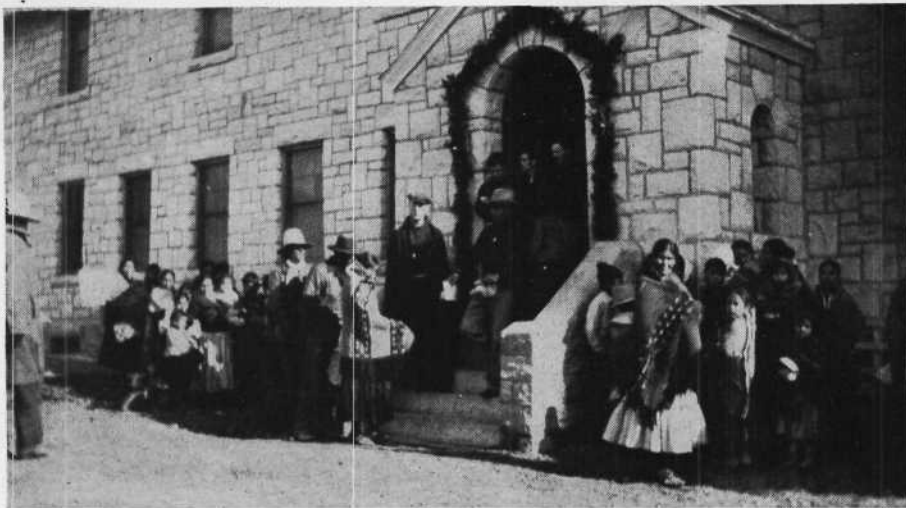
can convince the one I'm thinking about, you'll get what you want. Go down to St. Michaels and tell Frank Walker that I sent you."

When I walked into Frank's room at the mission I immediately recognized the dignified, slightly stout and ruddy man who looked inquiringly at me with pleasant grey eyes from under his black Stetson. I had wondered about him many times when I had seen him with the elders at Squaw dances and talking with the headmen at tribal councils.

Quietly he listened to my proposition. After some reflection he directly answered, "I'm not as young as I used to be and have

been under the weather. It will be winter soon. Furthermore, I'm not too sure that I wish to give my word to go into something that might turn my people against me. I'll let you know in four days."

In the months that followed Frank became more than my interpreter. Together we watched the Kinbito wash in a flash flood as it gnawed out our road. Knee deep in the red gumbo of Snake flat out of Ganado, we dug out. Huddled together in our pickup we shivered out a blizzard on the Potrero out of Cuba, New Mexico. Together we traveled under the ever-changing skies of Navajoland to companionship and deep understanding.



Frank's last resting place is St. Michael's Mission, where he spent many years of his life in the role of interpreter.

Each camp tapped the great reservoir of Frank's historical knowledge. I soon found that it was characteristic of the man to place himself and his experiences in the background. Father Anselm Weber, the great Franciscan, was his paragon. Father Arnold was his friend and benefactor in old age. Chee Dodge, his lifelong friend, was the hero of many escapades.

But after many camps together, beside our campfire under the whispering pines of Penistaja, resting on our bedrolls in a lonely 'dobe on a barren mesa near Kintee while the chindis in the winter wind squalled outside, and in the shade of the cottonwoods of the Cañon Blanco while the wind devils twisted down toward the San Juan river, the fragments of Frank's life began to jibe.

Frank's story begins long before his birth...

During the middle of the past century while America was finishing the Mexican war and wiping out the buffalo along with the Indians of the West, the Garrett clan dwelt in Eire. The stock was sturdy, God-fearing and ever faithful to the tenets of the Mother Church.

But young John and Barnard Garrett rebelled against the strict and pious life patterned for them. Probably they drank too much. Possibly they were haramscarum. Nevertheless, they committed the cardinal sin of their time and country when they struck a priest. Just one jump ahead of the shillalabs of their irate countrymen, they shook the shamrocks off their heels and headed for America across the sea.

When they reached New York City they took the first opportunity that presented itself. Uncle Sam was offering citizenship to aliens who served a hitch in the army. John and Barney joined up. After serving some time in the east, they finally reached northern California to fight in the Modoc Indian wars.

Tragedy soon struck in the form of a Modoc war arrow. After Barney was bur-

ied, John became morose and wild. After a fracas with an army officer his career in the army abruptly ended. One jump ahead of the provost marshal, he headed south. No one knows where he wandered in the *terra incognita* of the West, but eventually he reached sanctuary in northern Mexico.

In 1867 John Garrett turned up at Fort Yuma as John Walker. Drifting eastward across Arizona he eventually wound up at Fort Wingate some 12 miles east of present Gallup, New Mexico. No one there wanted any part of the mail contract to Fort Apache some 200 miles southwestward. With two ex-army sergeants, Tom Montgomery and Barney Clark, Walker took the dubious proposition of hauling the mail over Apache infested deserts and mountains.

On one of his trips to Albuquerque in 1872 John Walker stopped at the post station of El Rito some 12 miles east of Laguna Pueblo. An attractive girl with

bright eyes and raven-black hair caught his eye. Questioning, he soon discovered that she was a Navajo. As a child she had survived a New Mexican slave raid and had been adopted by a kindly family named Chavez.

No one knows how John Walker won Damasia Chavez. Nevertheless they soon were married by the padre at the old church of San Jose de Laguna. Soon they settled at Deer Springs on the Zuñi river between the pueblo and present St. Johns, Arizona. Together the Irishman and the Navajo girl roughed it out in the wilderness that is wild even today.

Some months later a band of Navajo hunters came to Deer Springs. Closely they scrutinized Damasia. Then they tried to talk to her in Navajo. When she ignored them they rode away. Watching for John to leave on the next day, they had no scruples when they stole her. For they had recognized her by a scar as the 'ated yazhi, the Little One, who had been stolen by the Mexicans on *Dzilapai*, Gray mountain near Cameron, Arizona, many years before.

When they reached their hogans by the pussy willows of Oak Springs in Dinetso's valley they began making medicine for an *Anádjí*. With this ceremony for driving out the evil spirits, Damasia would be purified of her association with Mexicans and *Bilakana*.

In time John Walker located Damasia at Oak Springs. Accompanied by Agent Miller, Jesus Alviso, the interpreter, and Manuelito, the head chief of the Navajo, they went to Oak Springs. There ensued a long powwow with Damasia's uncle, of which he says, "—my mother's uncle was a headman—a hard fellow. But with Manuelito there, he did not want any trouble. So my father gave him some money. In Navajo way that was right for she was of his clan, a woman of the *Hanágani*, the

Interpreting for a government official, Frank Walker explains why Washington needs the Navajo to take the war trail against axis. Photo by Robert Sumner, USDA.



People Formed from the Changing Woman's Back."

Frank Walker was born on April 10, 1873 in the 'dobe stage station at La Puente on the Little Colorado river, some five miles north of present St. Johns. In some way his birth was recorded in the parish church at San Bernadino, California. Truly a pioneer of Navajo-Irish heritage, Frank's life began in an era now but sketchily remembered by few old timers.

When Frank was near five years old his father bundled up the family and started southward. Down from the pine forests of the plateau into the chasms knifing outward from the Mogollon Rim they picked their way. Following the dangerous trails through the lands of the feral Tonto and Pinal Apache they came to the desert. Southward they travelled along the dim tracks that led across the grey waste until they came to the old pueblo of Tucson.

After a short stay on the Santa Cruz the family moved to Fort Thomas on the Gila river between present Safford and Bylas, Arizona. The beginning of Frank's memory starts at this time when John P. Clum had the onerous job of corralling the Apache bands on the San Carlos reservation. Thus his first impressions are of the raw life of a frontier post boiling over with hatred and intrigue.

While John Walker ran cattle and kept books for the army sutler, Damasias worked as interpreter. For Apache was the kindred language of her own Navajo. For playmates Frank had Apache children. He well remembers the grim Geronimo, Victorio of the Warm Springs people, and Natchee, the son of the great Chiricahua, Cochise.

Frank's memories of the Apache are kindly as he tells, "Natchee was my father's particular friend. Many times he came to our place at Fort Thomas. My father would loan him a gun, in half a day he would come back with a deer. He was a great tracker and hunter—"

"In 1914 they brought the renegade Apache back to Mescalero in southern New Mexico. Father Anselm took me down there to see if any of my old playmates were alive. Natchee was there. He recognized me right away. For I had played with his daughter when we were kids."

All was not play at Fort Thomas. One of Frank's earliest memories is of standing by while his mother shot through their cabin door at a nocturnal intruder. Then he tells, "There was a cattle buyer named Hunt who was murdered by three Mexicans. They got a band of Apache to trail and capture the 'coyotes.' Then Jack O'Neil, the U. S. marshal and Johnny Lee, the sheriff, came to father's place and said, 'Come along, John. We're going to have a necktie party!'"

Grimly Frank added, "Then the next morning I saw the bodies of the three Mexicans as they hung from the limb of a



With Father Anselm Weber, the pioneer priest, Frank trekked endless miles over dim trails into the ends of Navajoland. From an old sketch made by an unknown Navajo artist.

big cottonwood tree. That's when I first learned about justice!"

When Damasias "started talking about her own people all the time," John decided to move toward the Navajo country. Again the family took the trail. Northward they moved through the White mountains and downward across the rolling plains, finally to settle at *Cheetxo*, the Red Water, some three miles south of present Houck, Arizona.

John Walker took a job as bookkeeper for the Houck & Zeigler cattle outfit headquartered at Navajo Springs. Riding behind his father Frank watched the covered wagons of the emigrants as they pushed across the deep-rutted trail that led from Zuñi toward the blue peaks of the San

Francisco mountains in the west. Trailing the great herds of Texas cattle coming to stock Arizona he sat by the campfires of the cowboys and heard their stories of the Great Plains. With rounded eyes he checked his bucking pony as he watched the first pot-bellied locomotive puff down the Puerco to close the last gap in the transcontinental Atlantic and Pacific railroad.

Frank's memories are rich in his boyhood experiences. He grew up and watched as Commodore Perry Owens, who had been his father's friend and foreman at Navajo Springs, become one of Arizona's most famous frontier sheriffs. As an eyewitness he saw Owens in his vendetta against the badmen who infested northern Arizona in the 1880's.

It is a great story when Frank tells of how Owens wiped out the Blevin's Boys in Holbrook in 1887. As partisans of the Graham faction of the bloody Graham-Tewksbury feud of Pleasant valley, they died as they had lived—outlaws. Four of the Cooper-Blevin's gang fell before Owens' trusty Winchester on that sanguine autumn afternoon.

With a streak of his Irish heritage cropping out, John Walker wanted his children to have good educations. In 1883 he bundled Frank and his brother John Jr. off to school at Fort Defiance. A miserable place, according to government reports, the brothers soon ran away at the first opportunity.

Once when Frank questioned my wisdom in overlooking the truancy of a Navajo boy, I reminded him of an agent's report of a certain jaunt of his in which he ran away from school and covered 50 miles before they caught him. Smiling, he count-

Here Frank started and finished his book learning. The old Navajo school still stands among the cottonwoods lining the timeworn ground at Fort Defiance.

Photo by the author.



ered, "Maybe so. But schools are different now. So is the world. My years have convinced me on one thing. The Navajo will never have a chance until they are all educated!"

At fourteen Frank began his career as an interpreter. Accompanying U. S. cavalrymen from Fort Wingate he helped eject squatters who had settled on fertile Navajo tribal lands near Fruitland, New Mexico. When Chee Dodge, the regular agency interpreter, was away from Fort Defiance, Frank acted as his substitute. He smiles when he tells how pleased he was to receive the one dollar monthly pay for his services.

In 1889 Frank lost his father. At the request of Commodore Owens he had started on horseback for Prescott to appear in the U. S. court against the Hashknife

cattle outfit. Somewhere beyond Sunset pass, south of Winslow, he disappeared. For many months Owens searched for the body of his friend. But John Walker was another of the many who disappeared in the bloody breaks of the Mogollon Rim.

It is seldom that Frank visibly expresses emotion. But when he speaks of his marriage to Pinto's daughter in 1893 his voice softens. For some years he lived in the rich old headman's camps south of Gallup. Becoming great friends with the old warrior whom the Navajo agents called "Broncho," Frank's impressions of Pinto's character and deeds are contrary to the white man's version.

In 1900 Frank began his lifetime career as an interpreter at St. Michaels mission by the meadows of Ts'ihootso some seven miles southwest of Fort Defiance. For some

time, the founder of the mission, Father Juvenal Schnorbus had searched for a man who could gain the confidence of the Navajo as well as intelligently interpret English into Navajo and vice versa. In Frank he found his man.

Soon Frank became associated with the man who played a great part in crystallizing his fine code of honor and ethics. With father Anselm Weber, still revered as the good and kindly 'aanashodi chischilli, the Curley-Haired-Long-Robe, Frank trekked endless miles over dim trails that led to the ends of Navajoland. Today, Frank's memories are filled with the deeds of the pioneer priest who became a national figure in his fight for Navajo education, health and land rights.

Ten years after Frank went to work at St. Michaels, the now classic *An Ethnologic Dictionary of the Navaho Language* was published. Developed with the painstaking research, writing and even printing of Fathers Berard Haile and Leopold Ostermann, this great index to Navajo life and custom was for the most part interpreted by Frank Walker.

With maturity Frank's integrity and ability were well established to both white man and Navajo. He became a familiar figure in the courts where Navajo were involved. U. S. marshals called upon his services. His reputation was brought clearly to me in a courtroom some years ago. At the opening of the case in which a New Mexican and a Navajo were involved, one of New Mexico's shrewdest attorneys suggested, "Let Mr. Walker interpret both sides of the case. We'll take his word!"

Even though ill in 1940, Frank went with me into the vast and rough no-man's-land of the *Holkid* Navajo east of the reservation. While never admitting such, he went for the sole purpose of aiding in the rehabilitation of these "hard ones." Hostile and suspicious after many years of exploitation by large stock owners and government negligence, their welcome to an Indian Service employee was anything but warm.

But after identifying Frank by his Navajo name *Ashkislinnib*, the Freckled Boy, I would hear, "La! Ya'd'taa! good! Tis the one of whom we have heard the old ones speak of as a good man—one who talks straight. We will listen!"

Today, Frank lives in well earned retirement at St. Michaels. Of different disposition than his old friend, Henry Chee Dodge, the dynamic and eloquent chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council, Frank remains in the background and holds no tribal office. Nevertheless, with his rich experiences and keen understanding of historic and contemporary Navajo-white relations, his advice is continually sought by both the young headmen and old *natani*. Truly a *bastui*, a respected elder of the Navajo, Frank Walker merits his title "Dean of Navajo Interpreters."

TRUE OR FALSE

If you want to find out how much you really know about the American Desert—its geography, history, Indian life, mineralogy, botany and everyday lore—this test will be quite revealing. The desert is a big broad subject, and the average person will answer less than 10 of these questions correctly. A few of the desert rats will score 15, and a person who knows more than 15 answers is entitled to the honorary title of Sand Dune Sage. Answers are on page 36.

- 1—The Colorado river is the boundary between Mexico and United States below Yuma. True..... False.....
- 2—Geronimo was a famous warrior of the Navajo tribe. True..... False.....
- 3—Phantom ranch is located in Death Valley. True..... False.....
- 4—Coal is mined in the vicinity of Gallup, New Mexico. True..... False.....
- 5—Only male members of the tribe dance with snakes in the Hopi snake ceremonial. True..... False.....
- 6—Tahquitz is one of the gods of the Papago Indians. True..... False.....
- 7—Muroc dry lake is located in California. True..... False.....
- 8—Lava is an igneous rock. True..... False.....
- 9—Legendary location of the Lost Dutchman mine is the Panamint mountains of California. True..... False.....
- 10—Screwbean mesquite derives its name from the spiral form of its trunk. True..... False.....
- 11—Lowell Observatory is located in New Mexico. True..... False.....
- 12—Hematite is one of the iron minerals. True..... False.....
- 13—Director of the National Park service is Newton Drury. True..... False.....
- 14—The primary industry of the Hualpai Indians of Arizona is basket-making. True..... False.....
- 15—Ganado Mission school on the Navajo reservation is a Presbyterian institution. True..... False.....
- 16—Cactus is native only to the Western hemisphere. True..... False.....
- 17—Wild antelope are still seen on the Nevada desert. True..... False.....
- 18—Wickenburg, Arizona, is on the bank of the Bill Williams river. True..... False.....
- 19—The Mojave river of California has no outlet to tidewater. True..... False.....
- 20—Founder of the Mormon Church was Brigham Young. True..... False.....



Virgil Adair lives in a roadside cabin and keeps a watchful eye on the palm oasis, part of which is on his mining claim.

On the right—Just a little splotch of green in a rugged and forbidding landscape. There's a tiny trickle of spring water among these palms.



Hidden Palms Oasis

One of the most accessible of the many palm oases in Southern California—and yet one never seen by the motorist speeding along the nearby highway—is in a rugged tributary of the Deep Canyon gorge which gashes the north slope of the Santa Rosa mountains. Virgil Adair, one of the desert's old-timers, is the self-appointed guardian of these palms. When you've read this story you'll agree he is giving a good account of his custodianship.

By RANDALL HENDERSON

HIGH up on the rugged north slope of the Santa Rosa mountains in Southern California is the Hermit Mining claim—located many years ago by Gus L. Hinch.

It is a feldspar claim—not a very profitable one, but it has produced some pretty specimens of pink and white rock, and oc-

asionally a small shipment finds its way to market.

The Palms-to-Pines road, zigzagging up in a series of hairpin turns from the desert floor of Coachella valley into the Santa Rosa and San Jacinto mountains, passes the door of Gus' cabin.

It is a lovely spot, located on a bluff a

thousand feet above the floor of Deep canyon. If one goes out on the edge of the bluff far enough it is possible to hear the water that tumbles over a 100-foot precipice deep in the canyon below.

I have never been certain whether Gus located his claim in this spot because he thought there was wealth in the feldspar which outcrops in the vicinity, or if he selected the most gorgeous site he could find for a little cabin in which to spend the late years of his life and then dug around to see what manner of mineral he could discover that would enable him to file a claim and thereby establish title to the ground.

It is a question that cannot be answered now, for Gus is dead. He was killed by a speeding automobile on the highway in front of his cabin in 1935.



Looking up Hidden Palms canyon. The Palms-to-Pines road passes just beyond the notch at the head of the canyon.



Looking down toward Deep Canyon which is just a few hundred yards beyond these trees. There's a 100-foot waterfall there.

Fortunately for you and me and all those who love the Santa Rosa mountain country, two years before his fatal accident, Gus gave title to the claim to his friend Virgil F. Adair. Just why it was a fortunate gift will be revealed as I make you better acquainted with Virgil Adair.

Among his many interesting pastimes, Virgil is a rock collector. He has them all over the place. The top of the little knoll where the cabin is located is terraced with trails. I suspect that Virgil built many of them just to find a place to display his growing collection of stones. The yard and garden and nearby slopes are lined and piled with rocks—some of them specimens a collector would travel many miles to obtain. There are geodes from the Chuckawallas, rainbow rock from the Santa Rosas, turquoise from Nevada, concretions, petrified wood, agate, chalcedony roses—all parts of the desert are repre-

sented. Fastened among the rocks on the porch is this sign:

**WELCOME TO HIDDEN PALMS
RELAX. FORGET THE WORLD
ENJOY YOURSELF—
NOTHING FOR SALE**

But Adair's hobbies are not limited to rocks alone. Another of his interests is the well-concealed little oasis of native Washingtonia palms located in a precipitous tributary of Deep canyon just below the cabin. Part of these palms are on the mining claim. But no fences will be built around them or warning signs posted against trespassers as long as Virgil Adair lives here.

These palms—55 in number—are growing within a quarter of a mile of the Palms-to-Pines highway. And yet the motorist might pass here a thousand times without seeing them. Hidden Palms oasis is well named.

But there is parking space in front of the cabin for all who care to stop. I suspect that the palms and the tiny stream of water which trickles along the floor of the canyon among them had more to do with Gus Hinch's selection of this site for his cabin than did the occasional seam of feldspar in the nearby rocks. Gus wanted the public to enjoy these palms. He spent many weeks building and maintaining a trail down into the gorge so they might be accessible to visitors.

The trail is not in good repair now, and in places is overgrown with catsclaw and other canyon shrubs. But that is because Virgil Adair has been employed on a wartime job and has been away from his cabin much of the past three years.

When I last visited Adair in March he had just driven in from the coast to do the annual assessment work on his claim. He apologized for the condition of the trail,

and because some of the rocks in his yard had fallen out of the orderly ranks in which he normally keeps them.

"I hope before many months to come back here and spend the rest of my days in this cabin," he told me. "Then I'll put this place in order again." This cabin will also be the home of Mrs. Adair—a bride of just a few months. They spent a week's honeymoon here following their marriage, and both are looking forward to the day when they can return for permanent residence.

There are two routes for viewing the palms in the gorge below the cabin. One can take the rock-rimmed trail which contours the edge of the bluff and peek over into the chasm and see just the tops of the trees. But for a speaking acquaintance with the palms it is necessary to follow a steep and crooked trail down into the canyon. It is the only feasible route down there—and the reward is a cooling drink of spring water while one rests in the shade of some grand old veterans of the palm family.

For those who like rock-climbing, it is possible to continue down the tributary into Deep canyon where a magnificent view is obtained from the top of the waterfall—a waterfall that few people have seen because of the rugged character of the Deep canyon gorge. The trail does not go beyond the palms—after that it is just a matter of scrambling over and around the boulders which in some places almost barricade the canyon.

There are about a dozen veteran trees in the oasis which bear the scars of many fires. The remaining trees are comparatively young—perhaps 10 to 40 years.

The origin and history of the palms which grow in the Santa Rosa canyons, and in many other places on the floor and around the rim of Coachella valley and on south into Mexico is not known. Many theories have been offered, some of them with a certain amount of scientific basis. The idea held by some people that they were planted by the Spanish padres has been discarded by all who have given any study to the problem.

Another possible explanation is that the palms were brought in by Indians from tropical areas to the south. This is possible but could have taken place only during a period when water was more plentiful than in the Colorado desert today. Palm oases are found in many places where there has been no surface water for many years.

Probably the most generally accepted theory is that these trees are the surviving stragglers from an age when this desert region was tropical in character, with plenty of water and lush vegetation.

The elevation of the Palms-to-Pines road at the Adair cabin is 3000 feet. The Hidden Palms tributary drops perhaps a thousand feet in its length, which is about a half mile. On my trip through Coachella



valley and into the palm canyon in March I saw encelia, mallow, phacelia, ephedra, verbenia, geraea, primrose and an occasional ocotillo in blossom. The flowering season of wild apricot had just passed and the fruit was setting on the trees. The blossoms of yucca, agave and nolina will be sprinkled over the slopes of the Santa Rosas a little later.

Gus Hinch planned a permanent home here—and Virgil Adair fulfilled his last wish by placing the remains of his friend

beneath a mound of rocks on the knoll near the cabin.

Gus wanted this to be a little house beside the road where visitors always would be welcome. And this wish also is being carried out by the man who fell heir to the Hermit Mining claim. But Virgil Adair's hospitality is not merely in fulfillment of the wishes of his old friend—for Virgil is a hospitable fellow who loves this spot and wants others to enjoy it with him.

Gold in the Superstition mountains of Arizona, according to legend, first was discovered by the Peralta brothers of Mexico. When Pedro Peralta and his miners were killed by Apaches, the Indians carefully concealed all but one of the seven ore claims the Mexicans were working. Many years later Jacob Walz and Jacob Wiser, with a map furnished by Pedro Peralta's brothers, went into the mountains seeking the lost treasure, only to find that two other prospectors had arrived there ahead of them. Walz and Wiser gained possession by killing the prospectors. Then Walz shot his partner, and remained to operate the mine alone—and here is the story of the Lost Dutchman mine which is still being sought by countless treasure hunters.

Bonanza of the Lost Dutchman

By BARRY STORM

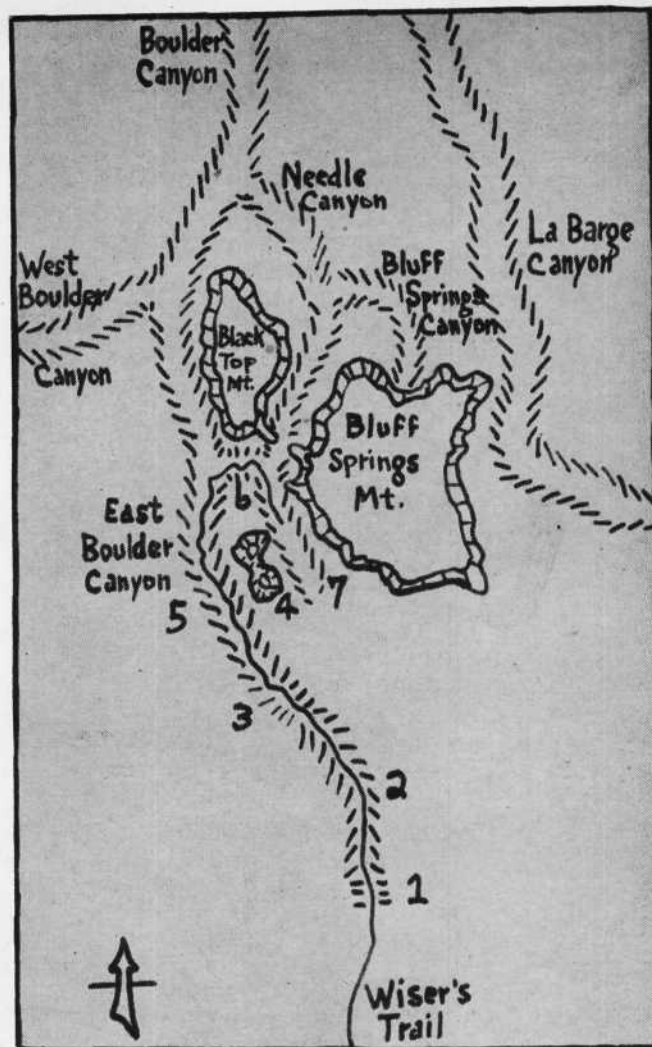
JACOB WALZ killed Jacob Wiser, the partner who was to have shared with him in the rich Superstition mountain treasure originally discovered by the Peraltas. And now the Dutchman was the sole owner of both the fabulous mine and the secret of its location.

He gathered up his first sack of rich ore and took it to Florence, Arizona, where word of his riches spread like wild-fire. He squandered his gold in an uproarious manner, regaling everyone who would listen with tales of his newly-found bonanza. It was an old Spanish working, he explained. But the location—ah, that was a secret worth a king's ransom.

The baffled and envious people of Florence were asking about Wiser's whereabouts. For hadn't he gone into the Superstitions with the Dutchman? And wasn't he entitled by the prospector's unwritten code to half the freely spent gold? Dark rumors were these, intimating treachery and worse. And like all rumors they grew overnight to ugly proportions. Then Walz publicly and foolishly replied to them with a hair-raising tale of an Indian attack in which Wiser had been killed. So the cat came out of the bag!

Walz vanished from Florence as abruptly as he had appeared. Weeks later he turned up again with more of his fabulous ore, but this time in Phoenix where no one knew of Wiser. There he again went on a drunken spree, told even wilder tales than before of his bonanza—and promptly whipped the little village into such a state of wild excitement that practically every able-bodied man made immediate and secret preparations to follow him. But Walz was no fool, drunk or sober. And he vanished suddenly one night.

Breathless weeks followed while scores of would-be trackers awaited the Dutchman's return. Then suddenly he was there like a wraith from the desert, this time with a burro load of hand-picked ore which he sold to Goldman & Company's store, adding to the excitement of watchers. Hasty calculations, based upon the weight capacity of his burro, proved this ore to be worth more than \$10,000 a ton!



Wiser's map modernized and matched to the only sequence of canyons and ridges which fit it. Numbers locate: 1—Entrance to first canyon from desert; 2—First canyon climbing north toward Weaver's Needle; 3—Backbone of range; 4—Weaver's Needle; 5—East Boulder Canyon descending on west side of Needle; 6—Low pass between East Boulder and Needle Canyons, just south of Peralta-mapped mountain; 7—Needle Canyon in which trail ends near hill of the horse's head. The trail mapped by Wiser is shown by continuous line.

And this time, after his usual spree, the Dutchman upon leaving town, not only found a stampede-sized crowd awaiting to follow him, but saw that many more were already camping out on the desert near the mountain, hoping to intercept him.

After that he continually changed his course, usually entering the Superstitions from the northwestern side as he had the first time so he could watch his backtrail for miles into the desert. And when a particularly zealous follower did come close, he would head for the rough, wild region around Weaver's Needle where he would vanish without a trace, or lead his trailer upon a deliberate wild goose chase, sometimes swinging through the mountains only to come out again at Tortilla Flat or Roosevelt.

On one of these occasions he appeared one evening at Blevins' cabin near Roosevelt while Blevins himself was off on a trip to Globe. Blevins' boy put the Dutchman up for the night. When Blevins returned home the next morning and learned that Walz had left scarcely an hour before he grabbed up his rifle and took out on the still-warm trail. After a hard day's work he succeeded in following the tracks to the little flat just south of the junction

of Reevis and Pine creeks. There the Dutchman must have discovered that he was being followed and started wiping out his trail as he went for Blevins found that the tracks ended as abruptly as though Walz had sprouted wings and flown off.

But Walz had not flown off. He had returned to his mine and shortly afterwards he appeared in Tucson with two burro loads of ore which he sold to Charlie Myers for \$1,600. George McClarty, Chuck Brown and one of the Poston brothers witnessed this sale. And then realizing from the Dutchman's conversation that he had never legally recorded his location, they decided to follow him back to the mine. They followed him easily enough to the vicinity of Whitlow's Ranch on Queen creek—and promptly lost the trail when Walz plunged into the trackless maze of twisting canyons beyond.

And as though to mock their efforts Walz returned again to Tucson almost immediately with a sackful of specimen ore samples which he had A. L. Pellegrin, an assayer, clean for him. Indeed, these pieces were so fantastically rich that Pellegrin instead of charging the Dutchman for the job accepted a chunk of the gold-engraved rock which he later had cut up and made into ring sets for his children.

On another occasion, Charles M. Clark of Mormon Flat, at whose cabin the Dutchman sometimes stopped, tried to follow him and after a strenuous tour of the mountains found himself hiding behind a mesquite tree at the Tortilla Flat spring while

the Dutchman rested on a nearby rock. After awhile, without turning around, he called to Clark to come out. Walz said he had known Clark was following him all the time, that he would kill him the next time he tried it.

By this time everyone in Arizona Territory was convinced that the Dutchman was secretly working a hidden bonanza. In fact there could have been no doubt of it in the face of his ore sales and continuous production for more than six years. Yet he seemed content merely to bring out enough of his bonanza rock at one time to "have him a spree." Perhaps he also had a secret cache somewhere in the Superstitions where he was accumulating a fantastic fortune against a time of need. More than once Walz, himself, hinted at such a possibility.

For years then this game of hide and seek continued with two possible fortunes as the prize and with Walz always proving to be the more canny outdoorsman. Then in 1877, advancing age—he was now sixty-nine—and the ever-increasing trouble of eluding his followers caused him to abandon his bonanza and retire. He rented a plot of ground and an adobe hut, located near the present intersection of Henshaw Road and 16th Street, in Phoenix, from Mrs. Henshaw and settled down to a life of ease and the prosaic pastime of raising chickens and wine grapes. But he guarded his secret with all the perversity of a child who knows something and won't quite tell it.

In the little riverside community at the same time there was,

Members of one of the many parties which have entered the Superstitions in quest of the Lost Dutchman mine. Left to right they are Walt Upson, mining engineer; Fred Allen of London, Gene Holman of Wisconsin and Barry Storm.





*Monument to the Dutchman and his fabulous mine,
erected at Apache Junction, Arizona.*

by one of those strange coincidences which often occur, a German-speaking woman — a quadroon, Julia Thomas, whose mother had been a servant in a German family. Julia, who owned an ice-cream parlor across from the old city hall and was to all appearances a sort of dusky white, had a way about her and certain physical attractions. Soon she was talking to the Dutchman in his native tongue, and he often took gifts of eggs and wine over to her home. The wine, people knew, was a very potent product of the Dutchman's own making. And it was no secret either that he had given Julia enough gold to buy a new fountain for her ice cream parlor. All of which may have been reason enough for the friendship which developed.

In Phoenix during this period, was another German, "Old Man" Petrasch, who recently had arrived from Montana with his two sons, Reinhart and Herman, and was establishing a bakery business. The Dutchman could hardly fail to patronize a fellow countryman. To one of the boys, Reinhart, who had the route in his section of town, making deliveries from baskets on a yoke slung over his shoulder, the Dutchman became quite attached, probably because boy-like he often used to forget his deliveries while he sat by the hour and listened to Walz's fabulous tales. Once when Reinhart confided to him that the bakery was about to go broke, the Dutchman gave the boy \$500 in gold with which to buy equipment and a new delivery wagon.

And again, a year or two later, when Julia needed some money one day to keep a wandering husband from coming home to roost, Walz told her to dig in his yard. She did and brought up a tin can containing \$1,500 in gold dust and nuggets which she sold to Goldman's. So the easy years rolled on. And then on May 3, 1887, just ten years after the Dutchman had last seen his mine, an earthquake shook central Arizona, spending its fury along the fault which underlies the Superstitions near Phoenix and the Santa Catalinas near Tucson.

Old Walz, growing ever more feeble with the years, could not have known that this shock rolled boulders off hillsides, caused cliffs to tumble and probably changed many of the landmarks which he knew. Anyway it was so difficult for him to get around now that he had not thought about returning to his mine. But shrewd Julia had been nursing ideas of her own.

One day during the winter of 1891 she put it up to him, pointing out that he was now 83 years old. Soon, she said, he would be too feeble to go anywhere or he might even die. Then what of the mine which he had often promised to show his friend? Besides, his gold was running out and he wouldn't want to be caught penniless in his old age. So arguing thus she got him to agree to take her into the Superstitions with the first fair weather of spring.

But fate once more intervened—or perhaps it was the thunder

gods. And down from those mountains and the vast wilderness beyond came waters suddenly rising until on February 19, 1891, the flood which put most of Phoenix under water also swept over the Dutchman's little hut. And he had to take shelter that evening in a cottonwood tree. There after a night of exposure which resulted in pneumonia, Reinhart found him next morning and carried him to Julia's house.

Feeble with age, sick and homeless now, the Dutchman found his last sanctuary with Julia Thomas, and Reinhart who would not leave him. Realizing that death was at last upon him, Walz told his two friends the story of his mine. The shaft, he said, went down on an 18-inch vein of rose quartz which was studded with pin-head nuggets of gold, and there was a three inch hanging wall of hematite which was about a third gold beside it. Then as clues to its location he told them of a roofless, two-room house which he had made of heaped-up stones in the mouth of a cave. The cave was near the bottom of a high bluff and faced northward for he had put a tarpaulin in the entrance to keep out the north wind and rain.

After they found this cave, which explained his ability to vanish from pursuers, they were to go about a mile farther up the same canyon, which trended north-south, until they found a ridge on the end of which was a natural stone face looking upward to the east. Directly across from the face, high up in a narrow ravine, they would find the inclined entrance to his mine. The right canyon, he added, could be identified further by the tumbled ruins of an old, Spanish-built stone house near its head. Then he made a rough map which he sealed in an envelope for Julia, and died in her home February 22, 1891.

Julia Thomas, the elder Petrasch and Herman that summer formed a partnership to search for the mine, financed by sale of the ice cream parlor, while Reinhart, who was the least interested in the possibility of free fortune, stayed behind to keep the bakery going. The three spent several months in vain search, located and identified Walz's placer workings near Goldfield but could not find his shaft in the mountains beyond. And the Dutchman's crude map remained entirely undecipherable.

In later years, after old Petrasch and Julia had died, and Reinhart had sold out his bakery business, both he and Herman searched together, and then alone at various intervals. But Reinhart, whose close association with the Dutchman should have given him the most detailed directions, had paid little attention to Walz's repeated instructions through the years and when he wanted them he found that he had forgotten or jumbled them with other boyhood memories.

Indeed, he even had forgotten the many chance remarks which the Dutchman had made during the years he lived in Phoenix—verbal clues, which gathered together from the many different people who remembered them, localized by amazingly exact descriptions the region in which more tangible evidence was later found to verify them.

On one occasion Walz had said: "You'll never find it, but if you pass three red hills you have gone too far." Too far to the north, he must have meant, for the only red hills are a bare half mile north of the junction of Bluff springs and Needle canyon. Again, he once said that he could not be seen from the military trail in the canyon below, but that he could, himself, watch the trail from his mine. And then he told about having to climb up a short way from a steep ravine to be able to see Weaver's Needle to the southward from above his mine. The shaft there must have faced west because he was particularly fond of telling how the setting sun coming through a break in the mountains (between the Needle and Peralta-mapped mountain) would shine into his inclined shaft and glitter on the ore.

Does the ore still glitter in the setting sun? Probably not, for those mountains have been combed by gold seekers for many years. Possibly Walz worked the ore body out before he retired. Perhaps the earthquake of 1887 covered it with rocks and debris from above. Dozens of lives have been lost in the search—but the bonanza of the Lost Dutchman remains an unsolved mystery.



This Golden Eagle has been out of the nest about a month. Late in March the eagles lay their two chestnut splotched eggs on an inaccessible ledge overlooking the desert floor. Most majestic of the desert birds, it rarely is seen by visitors.



Birds of the Desert Spring

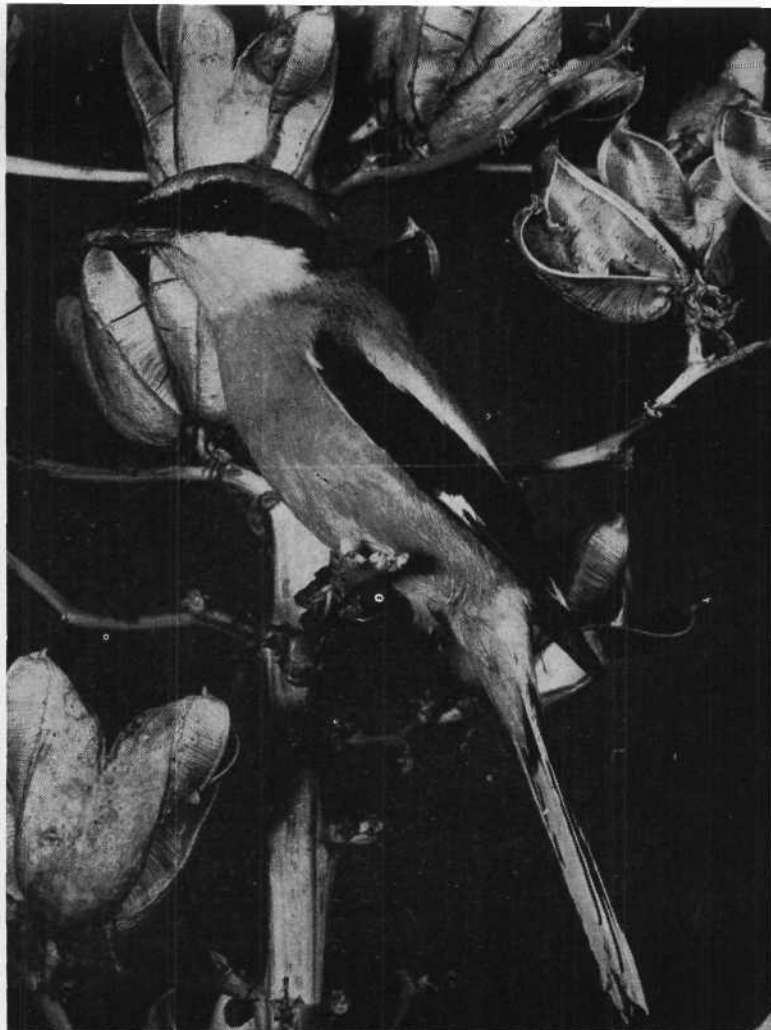
Photographs and Text by George McClellan Bradt

Spring is the desert's season of birds and flowers. It would seem as if Nature intended nestling birds to see the desert for the first time at its very best—covered with multicolored flowers. But whether this is the case or not spring is undoubtedly the best time to become acquainted with the desert birds. Spring is the one season when adult birds are to be found at the same place time after time. Nest and young keep the parents localized.

Here are a dozen desert birds which one can expect to find nesting in our southwestern area when spring returns to the desert. While the species depicted in the photographs were found in the El Paso, Texas, area, they are typical of the entire region, and the nesting dates will approximate those of other similar areas.



Male Scott's Oriole. When seen among the green yucca leaves its glossy black head, neck and back, brilliant lemon yellow underparts and white wing bars give it a strikingly jewel-like appearance. It nests five feet above ground and lays two to four purple-black blotched eggs in June.



White-rumped Shrike, the carnivorous songbird whose habit of impaling its insect, lizard and rodent prey upon yucca thorns and wire barbs has earned it the name of Butcher bird. Markings are grey, black and white, over his eyes he wears a bandit's mask. Its five to seven eggs are laid in April.

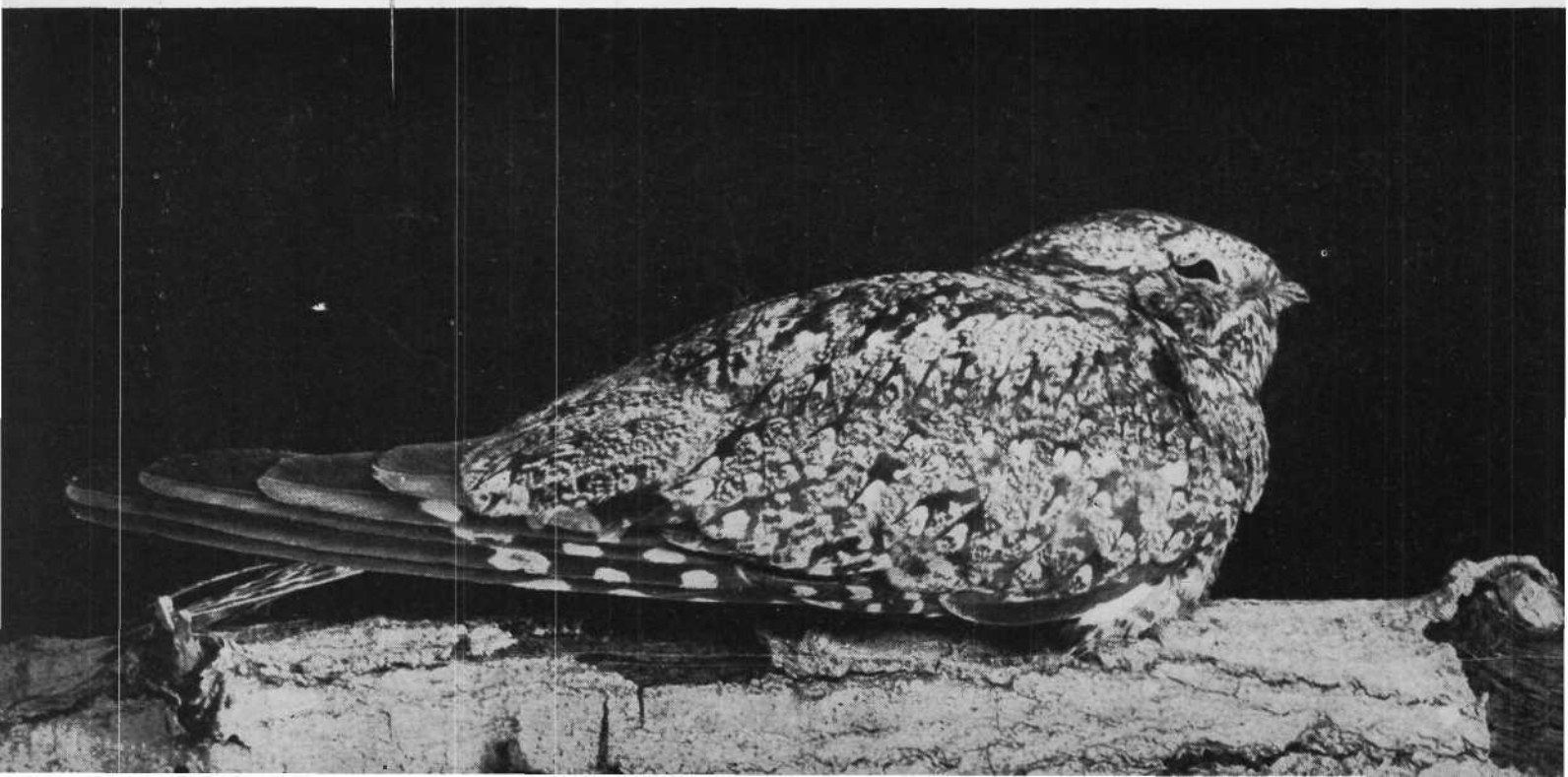
Left—Mocker feeding young. The Western Mockingbird is known to almost every frequenter of the desert. On top of fence post or yucca stalk, day and night, it sings songs of its own making or borrows tunes from other birds. In flight its black and white wings and long black white-edged tail are distinctive. Like its near relative the Thrasher it usually nests in low shrubs and thickets. Four to six blue-green brown speckled eggs are laid in June, the young leave the nest in July. Right—Curved-bill Thrasher on cholla nest. This shy ground feeding member of the Thrasher-Mockingbird family uses its exaggerated beak as a tool to unearth insects and seeds. It nests close to the ground in thornbush or cactus and lays three or four pale greenish white eggs in May and June.

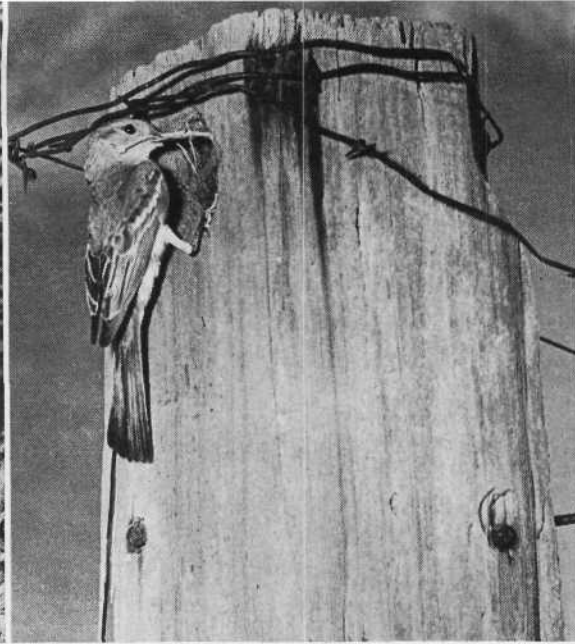




Left—Adult Burrowing Owls. The desert's Billy or Ground Owl. This expert little nocturnal hunter of desert rodents lives in old ground squirrel and gopher holes. Far underground it lays seven to nine pure white eggs and raises its brood in April and May. Right—Western Horned Owl. Desert's nocturnal counterpart of its diurnal hunters the hawks and eagles. Its magnificent eyes miss little that takes place on the desert's starlit floor. When living far from human habitation it is a beneficial destroyer of injurious rodents, but when it has acquired a taste for poultry it becomes a nuisance. It nests in the arms of tall yuccas and saguaros, in old hawk and eagle nests, on ledges and in caves. One of the earliest of nesters, it lays two and three large white eggs late in March; young are to be found in the nest in May.

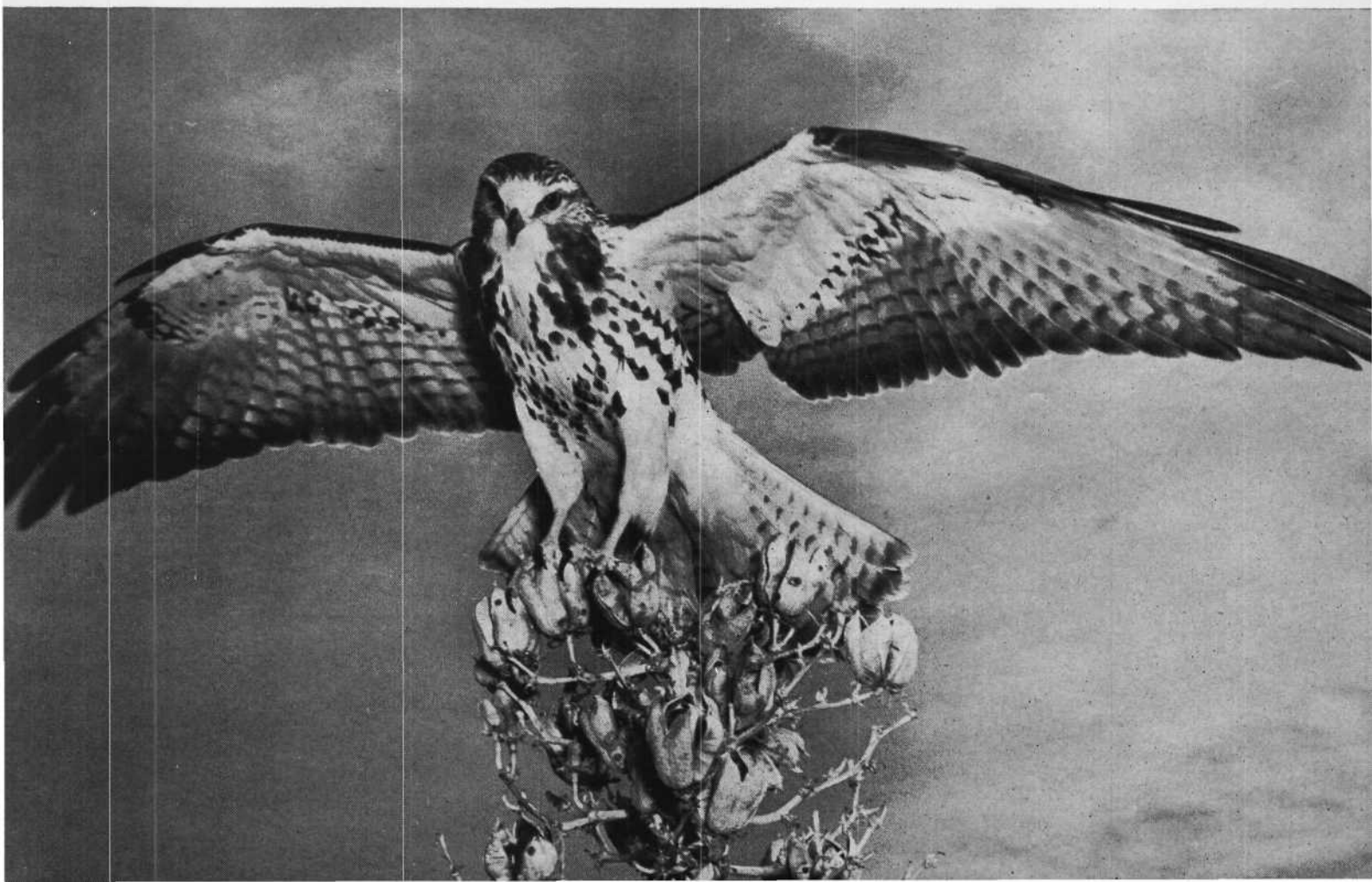
Nighthawk, Nightjar, Bull-bat, Goatsucker. Despite its various common names, this bird of the desert twilight is neither hawk nor bat but a highly expert flycatcher. Its great mouth surrounded by stiff curved bristles forms an effective insect trap. It may be identified by its erratic flight while pursuing its insect fare and by the peculiar white spot on the underside of each wing. Two greyish white eggs blotched with black and grey are laid on the ground in May and June.





Left—Female Marsh Hawk. This is the large but graceful hawk with conspicuous white rump commonly seen flying low over the desert as it searches for rodents. Males are slaty blue above, females dusky brown. Both have the snow-white rump and peculiar owl-like facial disk. Four to six greenish white eggs in nest on or just above the ground often in marshy areas. Nests should have eggs or young by June. Middle—Ash-throated Flycatcher at nest. One of the commonest desert flycatchers, found in same area as its near relative the Arkansas Kingbird. Its coloration fits its quiet habits—brownish grey except for ashy throat and a rufous tail when spread. Nests in fence post holes and even in bottoms of pipes used for posts, in May and June. Right—Male Sparrow Hawk. Smallest of the true falcons, hunter of insects and mice and most colorful of all hawks. Bluish wings of male and his black breast spots distinguish him from the female with her rufous wings and streaked breast. Both have black streaks below the eye. Four or five reddish brown eggs are laid in holes in cottonwoods and saguaros in April and May.

Swainson Hawk. One of the commonest and most beneficial of desert hawks. Slender body, and, in the adult, wide brownish breast band and dark head distinguish this species from its relative the far bulkier Red-tail. Immature birds like the one below have breast feathers streaked with brown drop-like markings. Eggs found in May.



Once a year—on his birthday—Happy Sharp invites his friends to come to his little cabin beside the road for his annual "rattlesnake feast." And since some folks are rather squeamish about eating snakes, Happy overcomes their inhibitions by serving the meat in croquettes. The meat is white, and flakes somewhat like tuna.

Old Man of the Mountains

By LENA CRESWELL

A LONG the road that climbs over the sierras east from San Diego and then winds down into the desert country I met "Happy" Sharp.

Happy's unique home of granite rock clings to the side of a hill on Highway 80, between Boulevard and Jacumba, California. When I stopped at Happy's desert curio mart, he came out to bid a welcome. He stood very erect. His grey hair reached to his shoulders. He wore a large-brimmed felt hat and reminded me of pictures I had seen of Buffalo Bill.

People who wail despairingly that life is over at forty, fifty, or even sixty, should see the valiant light in the blue eyes of this man who at the age of seventy is still full of energy and enthusiasm in many fields of interest.

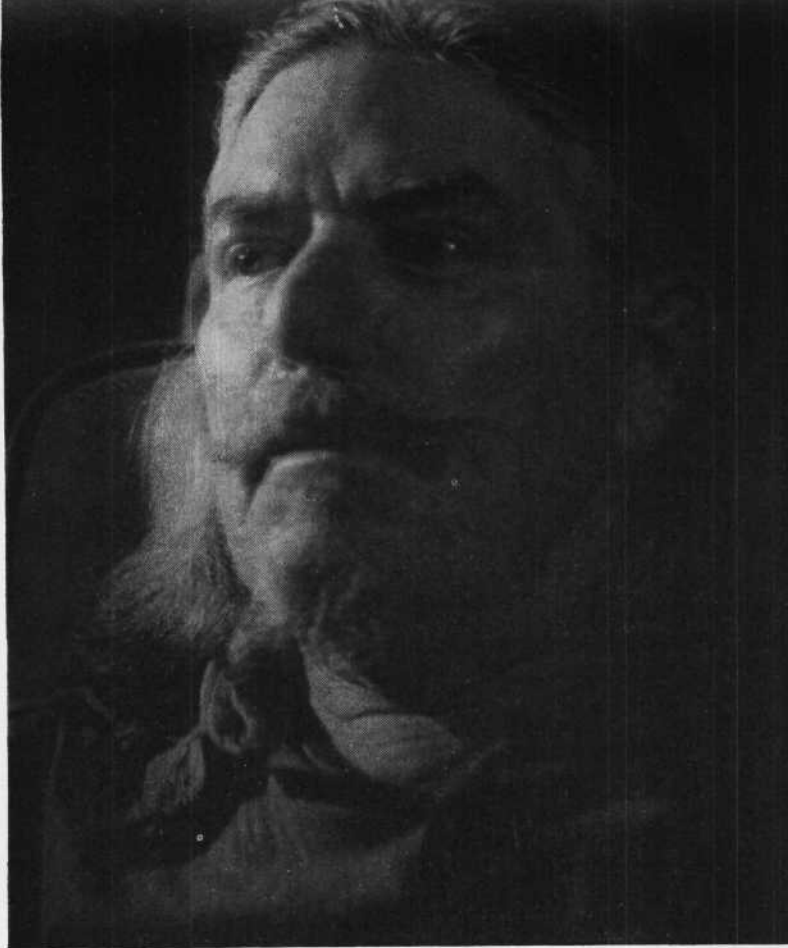
Happy is an accountant by profession but his hobby is collecting Indian relics. Several years ago when his health failed, he decided to find a place where he might live in the open. He purchased an acre of land near Jacumba, where not only did he find a wealth of Indian lore but in doing so he dug his way back to health. Today he is robust and exemplifies all that his name implies.

This "Old Man of the Mountains," as he calls himself, grew enthusiastic when he told of his long treks into Mexico, to the Utah state line, to Death Valley, and of his explorations through many of the remote and deserted canyons of the Mojave and Colorado deserts, to add to his Indian collection of pottery, beads and arrow heads.

"I love to visit the sites of old camping grounds, battle fields and the haunts of prehistoric men," he said, as he exhibited his collection of Indian pottery. Happy and his exploring partner have found ollas all over the Southwest. "This is the most beautiful of all," and he exhibited a small, delicate vessel, wonderfully mottled in pleasing colors. "It is one of my most recent finds. You can't imagine the thrill I get out of unearthing one of these perfect ollas. I have found them in the farthest corners of ancient and abandoned caves, and I have dug them out of the desert sands, the one exposed portion being in plain sight of hundreds of travelers. It brings a thrill to find one like this intact, after the lapse of years, yes, centuries, for some of these are prehistoric!"

Happy explained that the more modern ollas are unornamented. The older ones often have patterns. Water jars, storage ollas and the burial vessels are the most common forms in this collection, though there are a few open bowls and plates.

He has made very important finds, including a knitted



Happy Sharp—The Old Man of the Mountains. Photo by Philip A. Bailey, San Diego, California.

burden-basket, half finished, with the knitting needles in place, said to be the only one known. There is a very old *hamaca*, or carrying net, which measures about six feet on each side and contains 300 feet of native rope. This is made with the double loop or square knot and is still strong enough to be used for the purpose for which it was originally designed.

In one cave Sharp found a barbed stick, used for spearing the chuckawalla lizard, which hides in rocks and holes and inflates itself so that it cannot be pulled out. The barbed stick does the deflating and hauls out the delicate morsel.

A pair of wooden pinchers, used in handling the luscious cactus pears, and many other curious and useful relics are among Happy's collection. He has a beautiful set of Venetian beads that doubtless were purchased by Spaniards and traded to the Indians. These beads are of a lovely blue and they still retain some of their iridescent finish.

This large collection may be seen in its entirety in the little stone house by the side of the road. Happy is now planning to build a larger museum after the war. He has many photographs, which aid in tracing the early history of the West, as well as a 62-year old stage mailbag. Happy has a collection of guns and told me the history of a number of them. He has a Well's Fargo dispatch case and other valuable data pertaining to early life in the Southwest.

One of Happy's most prized possessions is a pile of letters bearing such addresses as, "The Old Man of the Mountain, west of Jacumba," "The Old Man with the Long Hair," "Buffalo Bill's Double," etc. With his long hair and goatee Happy might pass for Cody. But the Old Man of the Mountains wears no guns and lives in peace with the Indians.

When asked why he wore his hair long he replied, "Oh, just for local color." In harmony with Happy's go-lucky, care-free way of living is his novel way of telling time. Observing that many of the trucks and busses which passed his cabin gave him

a certain kind of toot brought the explanation. "These fellows all travel on schedule. I've got 'em trained to toot me a signal when they pass. I can tell what time it is that way almost any time except when I'm asleep. Then it doesn't matter."

Although he lives alone, Happy is not a recluse. He loves company and there are certain festive occasions every year when friends come from distant places to enjoy his hospitality and partake of one of the rattlesnake dinners for which he is famous. Also, his attractive roadside cabin is visited



The little rock house beside Highway 80 where Happy lives alone with his relics. Photo by Randall Henderson.



This is one of Happy's rarest finds—a mortero with a grinding hole on both sides of the stone.

by thousands of motorists who stop every year to look over his unique display of Indian artifacts and rocks.

Happy isn't much of a salesman. He enjoys showing his antiques and oddities—but he never suggests that you buy one. That is just up to you. Happy's wants are simple. It doesn't take many sales to keep beans in the pot—and the Old Man of the Mountains enjoys your visit whether you buy anything or not.

Sez Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley



A grizzled prospector trudging behind a pack mule approached Inferno store and turned in at the corral and started to off-load his animal.

"That's ol' Pisgah Bill," remarked Hard Rock Shorty as he sliced another splinter from the much-carved bench on the porch of the store. He was talking for the benefit of the new clerk who was standing in the doorway.

"Pretty sorry lookin' mule he's got," answered the clerk.

"Yeah, but Bill 'ud rather part with his right leg than have anything happen to old Dynamite," said Hard Rock. "Why that's the mule that helped discover them iron claims down Eagle mountain way."

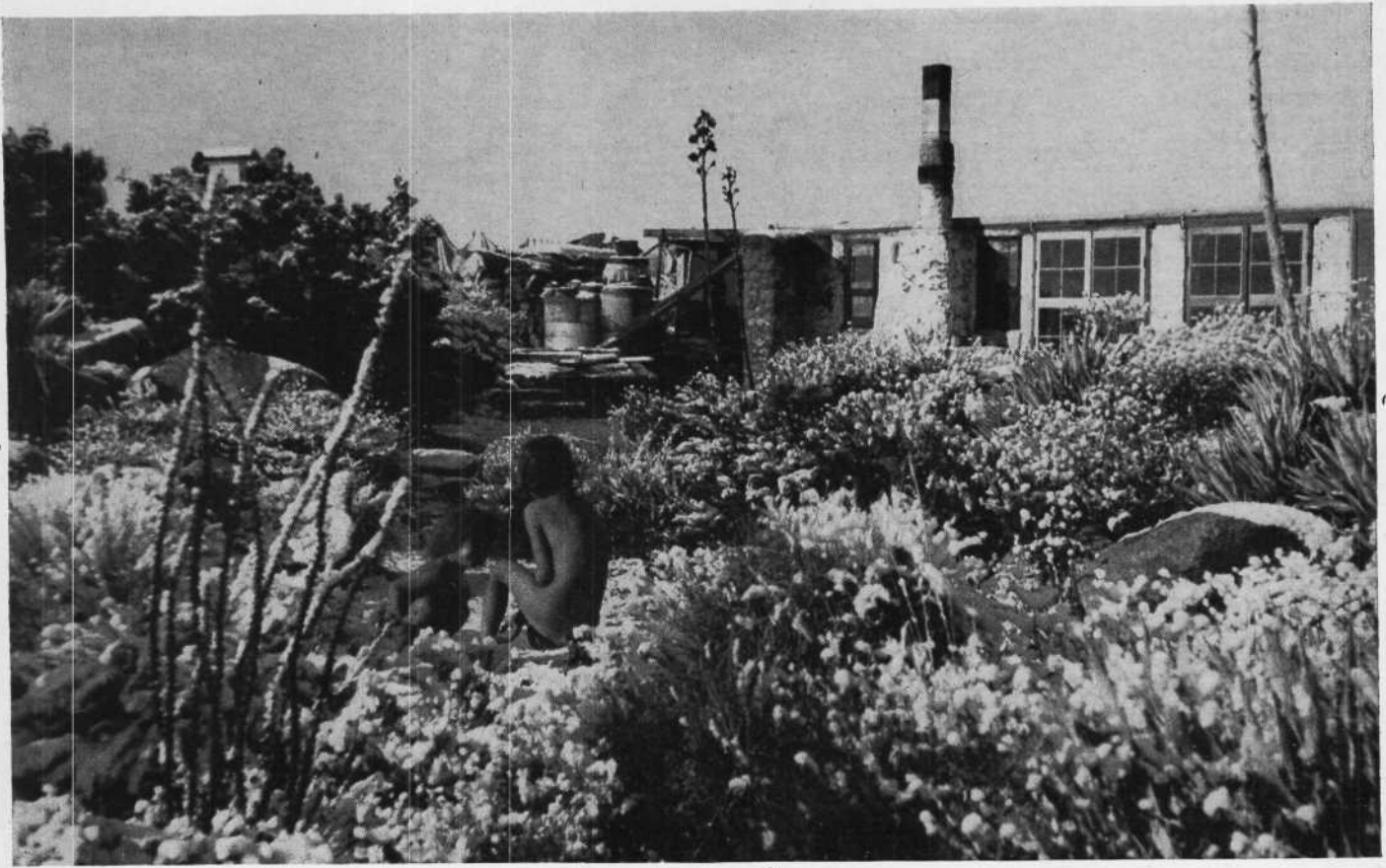
"Happened this way," said Shorty as he folded up his jackknife and leaned back against the weathered siding. "Pisgah usta pack over them mountains bringin' supplies to some claims him and his partners was trying to develop into a silver mine."

"Ol' Dynamite kept loosing his shoes on them trips. They'd come in, the mule limpin' and Bill a cussin.' 'Somepin' golblasted spooky about this business,' Bill 'ud say. 'Them shoes was all right when I left Mecca—but by the time we got to the top of the pass they'd disappeared.'

"Well, it went along that way for months, and ol' Dynamite 'ud lost enough shoes to outfit a blacksmith shop—and Bill was gettin' madder an' madder."

"Then one day some slick lookin' fellers came into camp. Said they was mining engineers. Wanted to know where they could get some men to go down an' do assessment work on their iron claims in the Eagles. One of them had some samples of magnetized iron they'd picked up at their claims."

"'Lots of this magnetic stuff down there,' the boss man said. 'And it's got a powerful lot of pull. Fact, that's what helped us locate them claims. We was running some survey lines through there and we kept a-finding horseshoes. When we tried to pick one up we found it stuck to the rock like it was glued. Magnetism . . .'"



Snow ice cream for breakfast! That's what a spring snowstorm meant to the South children. Photo shows Yaquitepec after snow had covered Ghost Mountain overnight.

Desert Refuge

Number One problem of the South family this month was not lack of water. Rain and late snowfall eliminated that for some time to come. It was ridding themselves of an underground menace, in the person of Chitka. Now Chitka had been a household pet, an ideal one—except for one fault. He was too progressive. Like his tribe of spiny pocket mice, he was a miner. But when he began to assert his talents by building ambitious tunnels which threatened the very foundations of Yaquitepec, drastic measures had to be taken. Marshal tells how the South family solved the situation—to the satisfaction of both mouse and man.

By MARSHAL SOUTH

YAQUITEPEC was just getting nicely into an early spring. The first desert daisies were winking at the sun. The first orange colored flowers of the mallow were dancing like brilliant butterflies on branching stalks. Here and there among the tumbled boulders the scarlet trumpets of the pentstemons were lifted to the warm wandering breezes. Quail called from the ridges. Lizards basked upon the stones. And the whole wilderness summit of Ghost Mountain basked in a golden glory of sunshine that was drowsy with the drone of bees.

Then came the storm. Hard upon a morning of dazzling sunshine it came, driving a rush of dark clouds across the summits of the western mountains. By midday the world was drear and sullen, and by nightfall icy rain was driving in a howling wind. All the next day the cold and the fury increased. The iron roof

roared to the hammering of the deluge. The water swirled in the run-off gutters and the churning wind gusts fell upon the house with such fury that one particularly violent one, corkscrewing down the chimney, toppled a blazing mescal butt out of the fireplace and sent it rolling down into the midst of our young Yaquitepecos as they crouched about the fire. Everyone escaped except Victoria, who did not jump quickly enough and in consequence got several bad burns on the legs. We had reason then to be thankful for the Yaquitepec mode of life. Had she been hampered with inflammable clothing the outcome might have been much worse.

And that night came the snow, falling like a ghostly winding sheet across the shivering shoulders of spring. We woke to a white world. To a silence and stillness. To the end of the storm—and to wild, youthful shouts of delight. "Snow! Snow again! Oh Mother, where is the big bowl? So we can have snow ice cream for breakfast. Oh quick, *quick!* The sun's shining! It's melting!"

"Huh, melting is it?" observed the long disillusioned family elder, muffled deep in his blanket and conscious of chilly fingers and toes. "Melting, did you say? Well, I certainly *hope* so. Too much is plenty. And anyone who can be so crazy about . . ."

But they do not stay to hear. Bare feet. Bare bodies. Victoria's little legs twinkling and her "bath-a-robe"—held to her person only by one pin at the neck—streaming behind her like a flag. Out the door. Over the rocks. Leaping like chipmunks from icy boulder to icy boulder. Snatching up handful after handful of the precious white, powdery stuff—"Snow! . . . Snow! . . ."

The cisterns are full now. The storm brought just enough rain to make up what they lacked. And again the sun is shining and the bees hum and the flowers lift their heads.

Chitka, the spiny pocket mouse, has severed his connection with Yaquitepec—by request. Chitka was one of the most lovable of pets. And we had had dreams of having him with us

as a permanent member of the household. But Chitka, despite his many virtues, had one fault. He was too progressive. A miner by trade, he insisted on pushing his particular talent beyond the bounds of all reason. The region of the fireplace, where we had joyfully allowed him to establish himself, soon grew too small for his ambitions. He longed for fresh worlds to conquer. And emboldened and fortified by the fat living which we showered upon him, he set out to conquer all the foundations of Yaquitepec. He began to drive ambitious tunnels.

For a long time we did not know what Chitka was up to. Occasionally we saw piles of fresh earth in the fireplace. And indulgently carried them away with the ashes. Chitka, we assumed, was enlarging his palace beneath the hearthstones.

But one evening Chitka bobbed out of the earth in an entirely new quarter, a long way from his home grounds, in a disquieting region. There is one mouse-proof room at Yaquitepec which we use as a storehouse. Whole grains and foods are stored there, for Yaquitepec is a long long way from the corner grocery. We keep a "mouse detector" on the floor of this room. It is a simple device which consists of a dish of squash seeds. Yaquitepec mice are very fond of squash seeds, and whenever by any infrequent chance a mouse gets into the storeroom, he makes a bee line for the squash seed dish. And leaves evidence of his feasting in nibbled fragments—which evidence results in our turning out full force to evict the intruder and plug up whatever chink or cranny has served him for an entrance.

But all those mice had been white-footed mice. Not underground engineers, as was Chitka. Our hearts chilled as we visioned an unending battle against an underground attack. The foundations of our storeroom riddled by tunnels. Chitka opening up lanes to the outer world of his brothers and sisters, who in the dead of night, while we slept, would rise from the bowels of the earth and carry off our supplies. The amount of grain that even a single pocket mouse can remove in one night is startling. Small wonder that we became alarmed. We had no data on the speed with which Chitka could dig tunnels. But we did know that a tiny mole has been known to tunnel 75 yards between sundown and sunup. Chitka might not be a mole, but he had demonstrated his ability to travel fast and far by the underground route. Unless we were willing to put concrete over the entire floor of the storeroom we were at his mercy. Therefore, Chitka, we decided, would have to move.

So we fashioned a nice box for Chitka. With a sleeping compartment and ventilation holes and a cunning little door, closed by a slide. And we stored it with grain and with enough wool and scraps to make any mouse an elegant nest. Then, one evening we led a train of grain inside the box and when Chitka had ambled in, collecting it in his cheek pouches, we shut the door.

He didn't care for the new arrangement. But we felt considerably relieved at having him under lock and key. And a few days later, when we felt that he had settled in his new home (he had built himself a nice wooly nest) we carried the box out onto the flat, quite a distance from the house, sunk it half way in the ground and constructed an earth tunnel to it. Then we opened the slide door and went away feeling virtuous.

But the next morning Chitka was no longer in his house. The nest where he was wont to sleep was empty. "Somefing has tookened him away?" Victoria said, sniffing tearfully. "Some thieves in the night?"

That night, after supper, Chitka bobbed up cheerfully in the firelight. He walked around our feet, sat down on the edge of the hearthstone, cleaned his whiskers with his paws, then with a sarcastic flirt of his stumpy tail, betook himself down into his diggings. Next morning Chitka had a new pop-hole, still nearer the storeroom.

We caught Chitka again. He was easy to catch. And we kept him in durance vile for several days—time which he passed in industrious nibbling at the inside woodwork of his box (yes, pocket mice *do* try to gnaw their way out of confinement, pre-

vious testimony to the contrary). Then again we took Chitka out into the wide wide world. This time we carried him far up the ridge of Ghost mountain. Finding him a nice homeland amid some juniper trees and rocks, we took him out of his box, gave him a last gentle stroking and bade him a sorrowful farewell.

Rudyard, our seven-year-old, whose bubbling enjoyment of life extends over a wide field, chiefly artistic and literary, has found himself a new hobby. This is setting his own stories in type. Squatting on a bench, a much too big composing stick in his hand and a case of twelve point type before him, he makes up the story as he goes along, combining the tasks of author and typesetter into one operation. For long stretches he squats thus at his task, his face deep furrowed with concentration, the soft "tick, tick" of the type, as he slips them into place, broken at intervals by such worried questions as, "Mother, how do you spell 'obnoxious.'" Or, "How many esses are there in 'possession?'" When the words are long there usually is a frantic wail, "Stop! . . . Stop! . . . Give it to me in *parts*." Then, as he gets it, section by section, he jams the type into place, letter by letter, with a sort of grim triumphant determination. With his interest and knowledge of printing whetted by a good deal of previous service as "assistant foreman" in our Yaquitepec printing jobs, he makes an astonishingly good job of his typesetting, a proof of a couple of booklet size pages usually revealing no more errors than I would have made myself. And though the spectacle of Rudyard, when he tugs at the lever of our hand operated press always reminds me of that bronze group in San Francisco in which muscular, all but nude artisans cling their straining weight to the giant lever of a metal punching press, yet I feel a thrill of pride as I see him puff and haul. Good friends write me sometimes, in worried vein, "But what will be the future of your children?" Well, I am not worrying.

And at the present moment, far from worrying, I am all puffed up. And why? Well, because I am the proud possessor of something, the like of which no other individual on earth possesses. It came about that I had a birthday. Such things to me are of no great moment. But my young "braves"—and "brave-ess"—think otherwise. So on each of these occasions I am loaded with a multitude of gifts, laboriously constructed bit by bit for months beforehand. Among the gifts on this occasion were notebooks, carefully made up and sewn together by Victoria. A bright shiny dime and a collection of manuscripts and pictures from Rudyard. And from Rider a varied assembly of mechanical marvels, ranging from an instrument for detecting the direction of the wind to hand beaten metal bowls in which to burn incense and an improved device designed to do away with the necessity for drying ink with blotting paper. But somewhere down the line of the long collection I came upon a contraption which puzzled me. It was a block of wood, upon which a pivoted, hammer shaped weight behaved in a queer and mysterious manner that was fascinating. "Rider," said I, vastly interested, "now just what—what in the sam hill is *this*?"

"Oh—that," he said a bit impatiently. "Oh, that's merely an automatic paper weight. You just slip the papers under the pivoted hammer—and there you are. See!"

He turned back to the wind detector, and went on explaining how it worked and how I could adjust it.

But my head was in a whirl—for I was the owner of the only automatic paper weight in all the world!

EFFORT

*All good things come to us in time,
The good, the noble, the sublime:
Whate'er we dream of and envision
With worship, will with just precision
Come some day knocking at our door.
Life has of bounty endless store.
Each may attain. Each may arrive.
All we need do is work and strive.*

—Tanya South

LETTERS...

Toes of a Roadrunner . . .

Santa Clara, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Isn't George Bradt going to do his superb bird articles into a book? They are the best I have ever read, and I own nearly every book there is on California birds.

His article on Roadrunners interested me especially. One of my first trips to the desert started me on a merry Roadrunner adventure. I found a bird track in the sand that I suspected was made by a Roadrunner, but none of my books mentioned that their toes had a zygodactyl (toes in pairs, two forward and two behind) arrangement, so I started out to investigate.

A college laboratory and a small-town museum had Roadrunners mounted with three toes forward and one backward. People familiar with Roadrunners all their lives gave emphatic but contradictory reports. At long last, Jaeger's *Denizens of the Desert*, the mounted specimens in the San Diego Museum of Natural History, and best of all, hours spent watching live Roadrunners in their cage at the Fresno zoo convinced me that they invariably are zygodactyl and do not have one reversible toe as owls do. It is a lot of fun checking up on the odd pranks of Nature.

ELIZABETH H. PRICE

There's No Age Limit on Rockhounds

Ventura, California

Dear Friends:

I consider you are my friends as I have been reading your splendid magazine for several years. I would like to tell you what a favor you did me about four years ago, but am afraid to take up too much of your time. But I will anyway. Before I became a subscriber to DM I procured some of the numbers from the library here.

I read them and wrote you that I was an old man trying to cut and polish stones, but I had no material to work on, and asked you to tell anyone who had any spare material, I would consider it a favor if they would send me some.

You published that part of my letter in your DM and I received a veritable shower of rocks from all over the country. People came to the house with boxes of specimens. That is what started me to be a real rock collector.

At present I have about 1500 specimens of all kinds, about 200 cabochons, 150 fluorescents, a rock from every state in the union, and a few foreign. I thank you for all you did for an old man. Will be 80 years old this year and still going strong, cut and polished seven cabochons today.

It shows what a great lot the rock hounds are.

J. H. IMHOFF

When Camels Came to USA . . .

Azusa, California

Dear Sir:

The article "When Camels Came to the Desert" in your March magazine brought to mind a story I heard while working for the U. S. Reclamation department in Phoenix, Arizona in 1909.

Some years before that date one of the descendants of the released U. S. Army camels was reported to be on the Arizona range. A saloon-keeper in Phoenix conceived the idea of using the animal for advertising purposes.

He built a stockade behind his saloon and hired some cowboys to land the animal in the cage. After much grief the camel finally was roped and dragged through the streets of Phoenix during the hours of the night.

The beast immediately set about wrecking the stockade. Carpenters were hired to reinforce the fence from the outside. Early one morning the camel broke out and went through the saloon making a mess of things generally.

Circling through the city in an effort to find the open desert again he caused a lot of havoc. Every horse that saw him or smelled him promptly ran away causing numerous wrecked vehicles. The saloon-keeper faced many damage suits. Everybody concerned was glad to see the last of the camel.

CHARLES H. EDWARDS

Printers Know Nothing About Botany

Alamogordo, New Mexico

Dear Mr. Henderson:

The fine illustrated story "Indians Made Their Own Dyes" by Jerry and Helen Laudermilk, has a couple of the pictures transposed—or else the titles are mixed.

I think I am right in saying that you have the Elderberry and the Sumac (Squawbush) exchanged. The leaves on the so-called Elderberry look like a perfect drawing of *Rhus trilobata*.

I saw some wild cochineal insects on some cactus pads here, and wondered where so much intense carmine came from when I tried to get the insects off. Then Mr. Laudermilk explained it all in his dye story.

PFC ALBERT E. FARMER

PFC Farmer: The printers mixed those cuts, and we have been wondering how many of our botanical experts would discover the error. Apologies to all botanists, and I recommend your promotion to—we'll let's jump a grade and make it a buck sergeant.

—R. H.

More Light on the Utah Tragedy . . .

Salt Lake City, Utah

Editor Desert Magazine:

The recent story in Desert by Charles Kelly reminds me that 50 years ago when I was a youngster in southern Utah, the leadership of the gang which killed the Howland brothers and Dunn was ascribed to Toab (toe-ab), an Indian who had an unsavory reputation over a long period. When I saw him occasionally on the streets of St. George he seemed rather along in years. We small children were afraid of him and always stayed in our own yards when he was known to be in town. He served time in the state penitentiary for a later killing.

According to my information, the slaying of Powell's men occurred at Pigeon Spring (mourning dove) in the Parashant country. Later, at this same point, Samuel Adams and several companions were trapped by the Toab gang and escaped death only by strenuous pow-wow-ing and solemn pledges to furnish blankets and other supplies to the gang. I have a manuscript account of this episode, titled "A Night of Horror" (sic) in which Mr. Adams flatly states that Toab was the killer of the river voyagers, whom he described as men "who left the party because they were scared to face the rapids." This shows what the opinion of the settlers of the vicinity was at the time.

I have rather favored the version given by Mr. Kelly, and so stated in print some years ago. However, the challenge was quickly taken up by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, who came to the defense of his chief, to whom he was always loyal. The death of Mr. Dellenbaugh shortly after brought an end to the discussion. To my mind, he was the most colorful of all Colorado river stalwarts and I have the greatest respect for his opinion, but I still believe that Sumner's narrative is credible and that there was much more than fear of the river behind the "separation" of the principals of this tale.

RUFUS D. JOHNSON

Desert "Fits In" . . .

Pasadena, California

Dear Desert Magazine:

I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much as I have reading over and over your Desert Magazine. Somehow it just seems to fit into my life.

I was raised out on the Canadian prairie and spent a great deal of my time picking up buffalo bones and piling them into heaps so my dad could break up the land with our ox team.

I have a great time following the Souths. I even stay awake at night waiting for their pack rat to come tumbling down on the roof.

NELLIE KECK

Chrysocolla Don't Work Here Any More . . .

Prescott, Arizona

Dear Mr. Henderson:

In the August 1944 issue of Desert Magazine there appeared an article written by Helen Ashley Anderson, telling of the copper mining going on at Bagdad Copper Co. here in Yavapai County, Arizona.

As Bagdad is only 70 miles from our home, my wife and I had planned for some time, since reading this article by Mrs. Anderson, to make a trip over to Bagdad and try to find some of the big chunks of chrysocolla she spoke of lying around on the hills there. As Washington's birthday was a holiday at my place of employment, we chose that time to make the trip.

Leaving Top O' Th' Pines early in the morning we drove down Hassayampa trail to Kirkland Junction, and turned right on the Kirkland-Hillside graded road. Kirkland valley has some fine stock ranches developed along its floor; really nice places. About two miles past what used to be the town of Yava, we turned right again on the Hillside-Kingman road. From there on to Bagdad your steering wheel is never still for one moment. However, this road is now under construction, and a good many of the twists and turns are being straightened out.

The last couple of miles down into Bagdad takes careful driving. The road is cut out of the side of the mountain, and just a slight mishap could send you some two thousand or so feet down into the canyon. Once down into the camp, we found the place all in a hustle and bustle. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry to go some place except where they were. I hailed one young miner and asked him where we could find Clinton Anderson. Our idea was to talk with Mrs. Anderson and maybe she could tell us where we could find some of the chrysocolla. The young fellow knew Clint, as he called him, but informed us that the Andersons had left Bagdad a long time before, and he thought they now lived in Colorado.

Well, that pegged that idea in a hurry. The wife and I were turning our heads around and around, trying to spot some green and blue rocks, and not having any luck at all. I hailed another fellow who was rushing by on his way toward the shaft. He was kind of an old fellow; sort of grizzled and gnarled. I asked him if he knew where we might find chrysocolla. "Chrysocolla?" mused the old-timer. Then brightening, "Must be the one that worked on the fountain at the commissary. She don't stay here no more, son. Left about a year ago with a mucker that got fired off the job."

I guess I must have shown my disap-

pointment, for the old fellow, in a seeming show of helpfulness added, "Gal named Renay is working her job now. You can find her down at the commissary."

It was plain that the man was no rock hound, and also equally plain that my wife was not interested in hunting up a "gal named Renay," so I found a level place that would permit me to turn the car around, and drove on back up the hill about a quarter of a mile, where I could park the car in a little niche on the side of the road.

We got out and spent some time tramping over the hillsides, but found no green or blue rocks. On the way out, along where the new road had been excavated, we did find some beautiful mica formations, and took home some fine big chunks for our rock garden. All in all it was a very nice trip that we will not forget for a long time.

MOULTON B. SMITH

There's a Difference of Opinion . . .

Dunlap, California

Dear Sir:

Usually I enjoy Desert Magazine from cover to cover, but your ignorant and conceited reply and editorial regarding the truths contained in A. N. Gabbey's letter has so stirred my ire that the only way to get it out of my system is to reply.

To keep the record straight, I must say that I am strongly in favor of reasonable areas for National parks created for the purpose for which they were intended. However, there is no reason for including all the mountains and a good portion of the desert in National parks and thereby creating a monopoly for the large concession interests. It would be just as reasonable to add all the Santa Monica mountains to Griffith park in Los Angeles.

You speak of selfish interests. How about your own? You want to be able to ride over hundreds of miles of roads and trails and see all along the way a few more flowers and tame wildlife.

While on the other hand thousands of acres of forage go to waste, timber ripens and dies and rots, minerals lie dormant, sportsmen are excluded from large areas and become more congested in smaller areas. While at the same time deer especially are deteriorating in the large parks, and in some places are becoming short of proper forage. Also bear have to be killed, as they become too tame, and are dumped into the garbage pits.

Now I derive a goodly portion of my business from travel to the National parks and would be the last to suggest their elimination. However, I am aware of the political and commercial set-up behind the

Park extension plan, which is out to get control of all our recreational areas.

I could go on for pages giving you facts and figures bearing on the above, but hope only that you will be more lenient in your judgment of a man who is probably better informed about the National park situation than you are.

WM. M. CLINGAN

More About the Horned Lizard . . .

Newton, Kansas

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I read with interest an article on horned toads, or lizards, by Weldon D. Woodson, and published in March issue of DM. I wish he had been just a little more explanatory. He makes the statement that "a single female bore 27 progeny," which isn't very enlightening.

I would like to tell you about an experience I had while hunting fossils with my husband and brother on a little hill near Dexter, Kansas. We were scratching around in the loose sandy soil picking up various forms of brachiopods, sections of crinoids, bits of coral, and if we were lucky—a trilobite. My husband was a bit startled when he scratched on the rusty brown colored back of a horned lizard. He saw her as she deposited an egg, then she began to work frantically to cover it, scratching with her front claws and using her tail like a broom to sweep the dirt in.

We decided to explore the nest, because that is what it was—a shallow hole dug on the gently sloping side of the hill. My brother used his pocket knife to remove the eggs, but first we had to set Mrs. Horned Lizard away off to one side, for she kept running back to the nest trying to cover it. She used the horns on her head to loosen the soil, then clawed with feet and lashed with her tail, with all her might.

We removed the eggs carefully and counted about 18. They were white and very soft shelled, about like the thin membrane on the inside of the shell of a hen egg. The eggs were small, about the size of the end of my little finger. Maybe it would be better to say, the size of a small bird's egg. After counting the eggs we put them all back in place, and put Mrs. Lizard back where we found her, and when we left she was very happy.

I've thought a lot about it since. Did she deposit the eggs all at once, or over a period of days? How long, I wonder, before they hatched? Did she stick around to see that the little ones had something to eat, or did the sun hatch the eggs and the poor little fellows have to make their own way from the beginning? A little lizard crawling out of such a small shell would be a sight to see. Next time I find something like that, I will pitch my tent and see how things come out.

MARIE KENNEDY

HERE AND THERE... on the Desert

ARIZONA

Test Crop Yield on Gila Land . . .

YUMA—To determine what crops can be profitably raised on Gila Mesa desert lands, University of Arizona is cooperating with US bureau of reclamation in five-year program on University farms near Yuma Mesa division of the Gila Reclamation project. Gila project, extending 80 miles east of Yuma valley and south to international border, includes 150,000 acres which ultimately may be expanded. Four hundred acres now are planted to high-yield alfalfa; 700-800 acres are being cleared and leveled for fall planting.

Colville Buried Near Partner . . .

KAYENTA—Clyde Colville, who with John Wetherill established a trading post in the Monuments area in 1906, and who followed his partner in death by only two days last November, now has been buried beside him in the Monument Valley region where they spent the greater part of their lives among the Navajo.

New Bridge Spans Colorado . . .

TOPOCK—Santa Fe railway opened its new double-track bridge over Colorado river here in March, replacing the single-track which was built in 1890. New structure, upstream from the old, consists of three 350-foot deck truss spans over the main channel, with girder approaches of 150 feet on east and 30 feet on the west. Abutments of the seven piers are supported on reinforced concrete cylinders down to solid rock, a maximum depth of 123 feet below water level. This required men to work under 52 pounds air pressure, in 30-minute shifts.

Lincoln Johnson, 65, prominent Quechan Indian and former tribal council member, died at Fort Yuma reservation March 8.

Jack O'Connor, former instructor at Arizona State Teachers college and University of Arizona, is new member editorial department of Outdoor Life magazine.

Richard Pointer "Uncle Dick" Marable, 87, long associated with Arizona irrigation and mining development, died at his Yuma home March 15.

James Wallace Bennett, 92, Arizona cattleman and trading post operator for 72 years, died March 10 at Sage Memorial hospital, Ganado.

Flagstaff's All-Indian Pow Wow, featuring parade and rodeo, has been set for July 3-4.

CALIFORNIA

New Desert Park Proposed . . .

SAN BERNARDINO—Creation of a "great public recreational area" in Riverside and San Bernardino counties bordering the Colorado river was proposed in legislature at Sacramento in March. Senate approved resolution by Senators Nelson S. Dilworth, Ralph Swing and Ben Hulse requesting state lands commission to withdraw from sale or lease any state lands in the area. Commission also was requested to exchange lands under its control elsewhere in the state for any federal lands in the proposed recreational area. Existing and proposed dams on the river have enhanced adjoining recreational values, the resolution declared.

Imported Dates Held "Infested". . .

INDIO—Those who could see "no difference" between the more costly dates grown and packed in Coachella Valley and the cheaper imported varieties familiar in markets before the war, had their attention called to the "difference" in March, when 9,600,000 pounds of dates imported from Syria were held in Seattle by order of Pure Food & Drug administration which barred 4800 pounds from entry because they were "infested with insect filth." The dates, valued at \$1,500,000, comprised the first shipment to arrive at that port since the war, and were consigned mainly to eastern importing firms.

Pioneer Museum Established . . .

IMPERIAL—Culminating a nine-year effort to secure a permanent location, Imperial Valley Pioneers association in March signed a 17-year lease giving them use of former administration building at Imperial county fairgrounds here as a museum and pioneers' headquarters. At annual meeting in April proposal to extend membership to any person with 20 years or more residence in the valley was to be considered. Membership heretofore has been limited to those who arrived prior to 1918.

More Guayule to Mexico . . .

INDIO—Ten million guayule rubber plants recently were shipped from Whittier ranch east of here to Continental Mexican rubber company, Durango, Mexico, for planting there. Large per cent of rubber to be extracted from plants will be returned to US. To supplement extraction mill at Salinas, which has been operating since 1932, a new mill at Bakersfield was expected to be ready in April. Mixed with synthetic rubber, guayule is used largely in production of tires, and has many other commercial uses.

Canal Workers Get Housing . . .

MECCA—Three of ten proposed 40-man units to house additional workers on All-American canal project were scheduled for completion April 1 on Box canyon road north of here. Low's Commissaries, Los Angeles, which has had much experience in large scale military feeding, will have charge of restaurant and recreational facilities, which it is said will be open to public and canal workers alike.

29 PALMS INN

THE HOTEL AT THE
PALMS

FIREPLACE ADOBES

FOOD TO REMEMBER

SADDLE HORSES
BADMINTON

AMERICAN PLAN
Single, \$6.75 up
Double, \$11.75 up

Gateway to Joshua Tree National Monument

ROBERT VAN LAHR, Manager
For Reservations — Write 29 Palms Inn at
TWENTYNINE PALMS, CALIFORNIA
or call any Travel Bureau or Automobile Club



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Your STEERHIDE Huaraches will be well worth the ration stamp you must now send us, because they are carefully handcrafted of real sole leather and have the stamina of a shoe. Work, walk and play in them, they can take it, and every pair you buy saves American shoe leather needed elsewhere. Send your foot outline and shoe size. We guarantee a fit. Please send ration stamp.

Sizes for everyone—men, women, children. (Children's sizes \$2.25)
 Please send pairs Huaraches
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OLD MEXICO SHOP
 SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

Fred Clark, Anza Pioneer, Dies . . .

ANZA—Death this spring took another of the Desert Men—Fred Clark, who settled here more than half century ago and in whose adobe home many a prospector, cowboy, hunter and traveler found shelter and hospitality. As a guide he was helpful to Dr. Eugene Bolton and his party when they were tracing the De Anza expedition route, which was found to pass over Fred's ranch. A monument to mark the route was erected 15 years ago on the Clark homestead by Native Sons of the Golden West. In 1892 he packed ore with a string of six burros from Asbestos mine to Santa Rosa reservation; he helped put down desert wells at various sites and helped deepen well and put in trough at Shavers which has served as desert watering place many years. With his brother Frank he dug a well in the big playa at upper end of Borrego valley, which since has borne the name of Clark lake.

Legislation has been drafted at Sacramento to provide state-wide horse-back and hiker trails.

NEVADA

Oldtime Stagecoach Driver Dies . . .

GOLDFIELD—Robert Alonzo Paine, one of the last of the oldtime Western stage drivers, died in March at Nevada City, California. Known as "Lon" wherever stage drivers gathered, he drove the old Concord coaches over desert roads of southern Nevada in early days of Tonopah and Goldfield and Virginia City. He carried out to the railroad at Sodaville many thousands of dollars worth of gold and silver bullion. He was on the Sodaville-Tonopah run during the winter of 1902-03 when the "black pneumonia" epidemic in Tonopah took lives of hundreds of miners. He was born in Spencerville, California, in 1865.

Assemblyman George Miller has been elected president Paradise Cattlemen's association.

Fishing season at Lake Tahoe and Truckee river in Nevada will open May 1, to conform with the California season.

Million Dollar Ranch Sold . . .

ELKO—Russell Land and Cattle company, one of the largest enterprises in northern Nevada, which had been operated by the George Russell family for over half a century, was sold in March to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. Myron Doyle and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Craven, of Reno. Deal involved about \$1,000,000 and included 9000 head of cattle.

Lake Mead Carp for Fertilizer . . .

LAS VEGAS—A Nevada corporation is completing plans to seine water of Lake Mead for carp. According to Frank Wait, county fish and game commissioner, a fertilizer plant which will grind up carp will be installed near site of the old sand mill in Virginia basin, and the product will be shipped to Southern California. Tests indicate there is enough protein in the fish meat to provide excellent fertilizer.

May Improve Comstock Lode Route

GOLDFIELD—Early improvement of highway through historic Kingsbury canyon, connecting pioneer settlement of Genoa with Lake Tahoe was urged in Nevada assembly in March. Historic road follows trail used by emigrants from California to Comstock lode in the early days.

Goldfield News and Weekly Tribune, published past 11 years by A. R. Hopkins, was sold in March to Clyde R. Terrell of Tonopah.

NEW MEXICO

Civil Service for City Workers . . .

SANTA FE—By terms of a bill approved in March by New Mexico house of representatives, municipal employees in cities whose population exceeds 30,000 would be placed under civil service. Albuquerque is the only New Mexican city in this population class.

The Desert Trading Post

Classified advertising in this section costs five cents a word, \$1.00 minimum per issue—
Actually about one-half cent per thousand readers.

MISCELLANEOUS

OPPORTUNITY open for partly disabled veteran desiring to locate on Southern California desert. Light work of clerical nature will supplement pension and provide useful and responsible employment for man of good character. Address Box PD, % Desert Magazine, El Centro, Calif.

ELDERLY COUPLE with an extra cabin in a wooded mountain area in California will provide home and board for a single man who will help with light chores—chopping firewood, repair work on road and a trip to town occasionally for supplies. Must be able to drive car. Ideal spot for pensioned veteran who seeks outdoor life. Address Box 427, Willits, Calif.

Wanted: By elderly man, expert irrigator, Desert Caretaker position with nearby, modest, permanent home and plot on installment or life-tenure plan. Excellent references, Address E.B.H., care of Desert Magazine.

DESERT TEA: In original form. Large bundle only \$1.00 complete with instructions for use. Desert Pets and antiques sold and exchanged. Grail Fuller's BorXpost Ranch, Daggett, Calif.

YOUR INNERMOST LONGINGS FILLED! Get "Spiritual Help For Your Everyday Problems"—25c. Booklists included. OUTSTANDING BOOK ASSOCIATION, Box 2501, Los Angeles.

NAVAJO RUGS: Large, medium and saddle blankets. Authentic Navajo and Zuni jewelry. Famous Lorenzo Hubbell Co. rugs, Hopi pottery and baskets. Hubbell's Indian Trading Post, Tom Hubbell, 2331 Pico, Santa Monica, Calif. Phone 50603.

Large stock of petrified palm. Twenty tons of rock specimens. Navajo rugs, reservation hand hammered silver and baskets from many tribes. Many other handmade artifacts. Daniels Indian Trading Post, 401 West Foot-hill Blvd., Fontana, Calif.

Wanted: Steam Car, any condition, anyone knowing of or having one for sale please write to Warren Harris, Potrero, Calif.

Send 3c stamp for list of over 200 books for sale on the Southwest, Pacific Coast, Geology, Mountaineering, including Western Americana. M. V. Denny, 1014 Cornwell Place, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

LIVESTOCK

KARAKULS. Producers of Persian Lamb fur are easy to raise and adapted to the desert which is their native home. For further information write Addis Kelley, 4637 E. 52 Place, Maywood, California.

We sell Nationally Recognized Fur Producing Karakuls. Have permanent market for wool and furs. Attractive investment for rancher or city investor. James Yoakam, National Distributor, 1128 No. Hill Ave., Pasadena, California.

REAL ESTATE

GEM VILLAGE: The Rockhound Colony. For information, also rocks and minerals, write to The Colorado Gem Co., Bayfield, Colo.

For Imperial Valley Farms—

W. E. HANCOCK

"The Farm Land Man"

Since 1914

EL CENTRO ——— CALIFORNIA

A WESTERN THRILL

"Courage," a remarkable oil painting 20x60 feet, the Covered Wagon Train crossing the desert in '68. Over a year in painting. On display (free) at Knott's Berry Place where the Boysenberry was introduced to the world and famous for fried chicken dinners with luscious Boysenberry pie.

You'll want (1) A 4-color picture of this huge painting suitable for framing. (2) A 36-page handsomely illustrated souvenir, pictures and original drawings, of Ghost Town Village and story of this roadside stand which grew to a \$600,000 annual business. (3) One year's subscription (6 numbers) to our illustrated bi-monthly magazine of the West. True tales of the days of gold, achievements of westerners today and courageous thoughts for days to come. Mention this paper and enclose one dollar for all three and get authentic western facts. Postpaid.

GHOST TOWN NEWS
BUENA PARK, CALIF.

Border Patrolled by Air . . .

GALLUP—Immigration service now uses an autogiro to search for Mexicans crossing border illegally. Ugo Carusi, immigration commissioner, stated that in a recent seven-month period there were 42,000 discovered attempts to cross the border without permission, most of them Mexicans seeking US jobs. "When that plane hovers over a bunch of men caught coming across the border, they just stand there as though paralyzed," he said. "We are able to radio back for a car to come to the spot and pick them up." A force of 750 men patrol the 2200-mile Mexican border.

They're "Long Hairs" No Longer . . .

ROY—It now can be officially claimed that this is "short hair" country, compared with Lysite, Wyoming. Some time ago the draft took the only barbers from this town and Mosquero, forcing residents to journey 46 miles to Springer for their haircuts. Now William C. Mack and his neighbors, who live 17 miles from Lysite, which in turn is 51 miles from Riverton, nearest place where "store-bought" haircuts can be had, have to travel 130 to 140 miles.

Indian Commissioner Confirmed . . .

ALBUQUERQUE—William A. Brophy, former Albuquerque attorney, was confirmed by US senate as commissioner of Indian Affairs. He has been chief of Puerto Rican division of interior department and government lawyer for Pueblo Indians in New Mexico. Although several Indian leaders and congressmen urged that confirmation be deferred until further consideration could be given appointment of an Indian to the post, none of the witnesses questioned Brophy's ability or integrity.

New Mexico state fair has been set for September 9-16.

UTAH

Famed Organ to be "Improved" . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—World-celebrated Mormon tabernacle organ is due for a few improvements, and G. Donald Harrison, Boston, outstanding pipe organ builder and consultant in US began a study of the big organ in March. "The LDS tabernacle is the most perfect structure for organ tone I have ever visited and the organ is ideally placed." Harrison, who has built some of the great pipe organs in this country and England, said the 32-foot organ pipes installed by pioneer builders in 1867 were unique. "Ordinarily, pipes that long are built of metal instead of wood. If pipes are of wood, they almost invariably are rectangular in shape, instead of round as are these pipes."

Utah and Nevada, with more than 60 per cent of their school age residents—14 to 19 years—enrolled in schools, lead the nation in this class.

Utah's Leading Citizen Dies . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Herbert S. Auerbach, 62, one of the West's outstanding merchants, a mining engineer, historian, musician, collector and civic leader, died of a heart ailment March 19. President and manager of Auerbach Co. department store and president of Auerbach Realty Co. and Brooks Co., his business interests were but one phase of a busy varied life. He started his career as mining engineer in 1906, later operated extensive realty interests and expanded the mercantile business, established by his uncle and father in an adobe shack here in 1864, into one of the major merchandising institutions of intermountain West. Western and Mormon history being one of his deepest interests, he gradually acquired one of the largest libraries in the world on the subjects. He carried on extensive research studies, wrote numerous articles and books. One of his most recent contributions was a new translation of the journal of Father Escalante, Catholic priest who led first party of white men into what is now Utah.

Island Airfield Not For Buffalo . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Antelope Island in Great Salt Lake, inhabited by "one family and a herd of buffalo" is scheduled to get a postwar federal airport. Assistant Secretary of Commerce William Burden said the airport, estimated to cost about \$15,000, was tentatively included in a long-range, 10-year program. "It's intended for recreational purposes," he explained, "to take advantage of the island's hunting and fishing opportunities. No, it's not for the use of the buffalo."

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Address _____

City _____

Mines and Mining . .

Washington, D. C. . . .

The War Production Board's list of essential items which may be manufactured from imported silver, is soon to be increased, according to WPB announcement. Foreign silver costs the manufacturer 25 cents an ounce compared with the domestic price of 71 cents.

Carson City, Nevada . . .

Since no one has yet claimed the \$25,000 bounty offered by the Nevada legislature in 1943 to the first person to discover oil in commercial quantities in the state, a bill has been introduced in the current session by James Ryan of Clark county, renewing the offer.

Amarillo, Texas . . .

United States' surplus supply of helium is to be pumped back into the ground to remain in storage until needed, according to orders issued by Secretary Ickes. One of the 11 helium-producing wells in the Cliffside field in Texas is to be used as a storage vault, and pipe lines to Amarillo and Exell will make the gas available as needed. United States has a world monopoly on this gas.

Tombstone, Arizona . . .

Members of the Tombstone chapter of the Small Mine Owners' association at their last meeting were urged to make applications for the federal funds needed to resume operation on the 750 gold mines closed down in 1942. Confidence was expressed that gold mining can be resumed as soon as the European conflict is ended, and much optimism prevails that there will be an increase in the price paid for gold.

Gallup, New Mexico . . .

Due to lack of markets, the Gallup American Coal company's mines near here are scheduled for closing, according to company officials. It was explained that the company's largest customer, the Santa Fe railroad gradually has been shifting from coal to oil-burning locomotives, and that other markets also have shrunk. The property has not been profitable for some time said Horace Moses of the Chino mines, and it has been decided to close down the property at a time when workers have every opportunity to get employment in other fields.

Reno, Nevada . . .

A maximum price of \$17.50 a ton f.o.b. Zurich, California, has been established by OPA for a select grade of crude talc produced in Esmeralda county, Nevada. Specific prices ranging from \$8.00 to \$15.25 a ton were established in November, 1944, and the new ceiling limit applies only to a superior grade which meets rigid specifications. Zurich is the shipping point for the Nevada talc.

Tombstone, Arizona . . .

Sinking a new shaft in the heart of the old Tombstone mining area, the Giacom brothers believe there is good promise of striking rich deposits of lead, gold and silver within a depth of 250 feet. Their claim, the Intervina, was patented in 1880 but has never been worked. Adjoining claims produced high values in the old mining days. The two-compartment shaft is now down 50 feet.

Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

Named after John M. Mackay of Virginia City mining fame, a tellurium compound discovered recently by C. D. Woodhouse, is to be called "Mackayite" according to Vincent P. Gianella, head of the geology department at the University of Nevada. The yellow mineral with a waxy lustre was discovered near Goldfield.

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GEMS AND MINERALS

ARTHUR L. EATON, Editor

GI's BRINGING HOME MANY FINE SPECIMENS

American soldiers and sailors returning from far corners of the earth are bringing back from those places specimens of gems and minerals of every imaginable kind. Among those in recent weeks are agates from Alaska; opals and turquoise from Australia; agate from Guadalcanal and Solomons; rubies, cats eye, sapphires and chrysoberyl from Burma and Ceylon; calcite curios from Egypt; cat eyes, coral and shells from South Pacific; jade, cinnabar from China; opals, turquoise and pearls from Mexico; pearls, emeralds and crystals from South America; tiger eye, garnets, spinel from South Africa; flint and cryolite from Greenland; nickel and antimony from New Caledonia. Besides these, the South Pacific is proving a gathering place de luxe for sea shells.

MUCH SPURIOUS STONE SOLD IN MEXICO

Mexico in years past has become famous as a country where diamonds and other gems can be purchased very reasonably. In recent years, due partly to the great influx of American tourists, great numbers of "imitations" have flooded the market. "Mexican black diamonds" are hematite iron cut and polished. "Mexican jade" is largely calcite evenly colored green. Some is merely Mexican onyx crudely painted green on the outside. The color can be removed very easily. The "genuine black jade" sold in most places is obsidian, volcanic glass. Every "Mexican sapphire" examined this year has turned out to be merely cut glass. Queretaro, the home of the opal, at present displays mostly cut and polished bottle glass and obsidian.

RARE MINERALS AT TRONA

Roy Bailey talked on fluorescence at March 21 meeting of Searles Lake gem and mineral society, Trona, California. He showed color slides taken in Zion national park. Display table corresponded with the speaker's subject.

Another work party at the Chris Wicht memorial March 18 put the Surprise canyon place in good condition.

A field trip to the Spangler district took place March 25, and April 21-22 marked the date of the annual Death Valley trip.

March bulletin continues the series of articles on Searles Lake minerals, dealing with glaserite or apthitalite and sulfahalite. Sulfahalite is found only in Searles Lake, and rarely there. It is the only mineral from the lake that contains fluorine.

Flo Resley, Kernville, California reports organization of a mineral society. A group of interested people met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Bechtel and chose the title Kernville Rockhounds for the society. The following were elected officers: Mrs. James Bechtel, president; Mrs. Ida B. Pascoe, vice-president; Milus Robinson, field guide, Mrs. William Resley, secretary. The group has ten charter members besides officers. Primary plans included a March 19 field trip to Indian Wells and an April 9 meeting at the home of Mrs. Ida Pascoe.

K. Bensusan gave an illustrated talk on opening a mica mine in Brazil at March meeting of San Fernando Valley mineral society. Specimens of muscovite mica, polished cabinet pieces and cabochons were exhibited on the display table. The society made up another purse of thirty dollars for lapidary supplies and tools to be sent to service men at Birmingham hospital.

Sacramento mineral society began the 1945 season with the following officers: A. J. McClelland, president; Paul Downard, vice-president; Lillian Coleman, secretary; Mrs. M. P. Colony, treasurer; Ruth Mayfield, librarian; W. E. Haskall and O. T. Illerich, directors. Sixth annual banquet was held March 2. J. R. Schwenck, chemical engineer for Hughes research and engineering company was speaker. He discussed development and uses of plastics and showed samples of materials. Among visitors present were George H. Needham and J. Lewis Renton, president and vice-president of Northern California mineral society of San Francisco; Orlin J. Bell and Buster E. Sledge, president and secretary of East Bay mineral society, Oakland. Sacramento mineral society meets fourth Fridays for the semi-technical study of geology, mineralogy and gemology. Interested persons are always welcome at meetings.

K. J. Hines of Puente reports the discovery of a very fine deposit of plasma in San Benito county. This stone is a silicious heliotrope or bloodstone.

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Special on copper stained rocks, containing some Chrysocolla, Azurite and Malachite, including Variscite, Lazulite and Shattuckite. Fine specimens up to 10 lbs. weight each. Fluorescent Powellite, Scheelite and Hydrozincite and other materials. Other materials include Cinnabar in Opalite, Opalized wood, Agate and Chalcedony, Opal in limited quantities. Field specimens of Pumicite, Fluorspar, Opalite, Magnetite iron in botryoidal form, unusual, Pearlite, Jasper, Agate, Petrified wood, combination Gold, Silver and Zinc ore, Calcite crystals, Specular Iron, Chalk, Talc, Cinnabar ore, Wonderstone, Travertine Onyx, all one price. Generous sample specimens. Choice of any 35c each, 3 for \$1.00, 18 for \$5.00. Average size 1 1/2 by 2 inch to 2 inch by 3 inch, some larger or smaller according to scarcity of material. Mixed up or large pieces \$1.00 per lb., 6 lbs. for \$5.00. Material for cutting and polishing \$5.00 per lb., 6 lbs. for \$25.00. Address W. Dart, Goldfield, Nev.

50 ring stones, including genuine and synthetic —\$7.50. 12 genuine Opals or Cameos—\$2.75. Plus 20% tax. B. Lowe, Box 311, St. Louis 1, Mo.

Montana Moss Agates in the rough for gem cutting, \$1.00 per lb. plus postage. Elliott's Gem Shop, 26 Jergins Arcade, Long Beach 2, Calif.

Antique Jewelry: 12 articles antique jewelry, brooches, rings, lockets, chains, etc. \$3.60. 12 assorted hatpins—\$3.00. 12 stickpins \$2.75. B. Lowe, Box 311, St. Louis 1, Mo.

Jewelry stones removed from rings, etc. 100 assorted \$2.40. B. Lowe, Box 311, St. Louis 1, Missouri.

\$2.50 brings you prepaid six rare and beautiful crystallized Arizona minerals. Vanadinite, Diopase, Wulfenite, Willemite, Chrysocolla, Azurite. Specimens 1 1/2x2 or larger. Wiener Mineral Co., Box 509, Tucson, Arizona.

Choice Palm Root—Full of eyes showing root and trunk structure. Very colorful. Sliced for Cabochons. 25 cents per square inch. Satisfaction guaranteed. GASKILL, 400 North Muscatel, San Gabriel, Calif.

INDIAN RELICS, Curios, Coins, Minerals, Books, Old Buttons, Old Glass, Old West Photos, Weapons, Catalog 5c. Lemley Antique Store, Osborne, Kansas.

Wanted: to buy, sell and exchange specimens outstandingly rare and beautiful. Sam Parker, 2160 East Van Buren, Phoenix, Ariz.

AGATE JEWELRY AND OREGON AGATES —Ladies 10k gold rings, pointed or oval type, \$14.40 including excise tax. We make pendant necklaces, brooches, rings of several types. Sell plume and other agate by the slab. We guarantee satisfaction or will refund your money upon receipt of our merchandise. See that funds accompany your order. E. Lee Sigfrit, 211 Congress, Bend, Ore.

Send me 3 lbs. of good grade gem material as listed in "Gems and Gem Materials" and I will cut you one large heart of 2 large cabochons, you pay postage. R. H. Justice, 343 W. 87th St., Los Angeles 3, Calif.

Tri-State District Specimens, no trades. I have the finest in Galenas, Marcasites, Dolomites, Ruby Sphalerite, Calcites and specimens showing various associations of the above minerals. No price lists, write for prices and descriptions. Boodle Lane, Box 331, Galena, Kansas.

Souvenirs of Goldfield, Nevada's great mining camp. Real Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead, Talc, Zinc, Chalk and many interesting and instructive formations. Valuable aids to prospectors. Generous samples 35c, 3 for \$1.00, 18 for \$5.00. Larger sizes 50c to \$2.50, includes many fluorescent minerals. Fluorescent petrified wood. Glass, Cinnabar in Opalite and Opal. Gold and silver mines in Nevada located for a very small fee. Write if interested to W. Dart, Goldfield, Nevada.

FRANKLIN, N. J., COLLECTION. 10 excellent specimens, several highly fluorescent. Polyadelphite, Willemite, Rhodonite, Norbergite, Mangan Calcite, Orange colored Calcite, Salmon colored Calcite, Franklinite, Zincite, Graphite in Limestone. Size about 2x2 in. or larger \$4.00 postpaid. H. STILLWELL & SON, Rockville Centre, N. Y.

ARIZONA PETRIFIED WOOD—This is from a collection made years ago and is in small pieces and cutters ends that are not large enough for the professional cutter. All will cut good sized cabochons and up to paper-weight sizes, and a few bigger pieces for the larger orders. This wood is well agatized and of excellent colors. Satisfaction guaranteed. 3 pounds for \$1.00. Be sure to include postage on four pounds from your zone. MARVIN'S ROCK SHOP, Durango 1, Colo.

Opals—Cut and polished cabochons. Fine stones in several colors \$1.00 to \$50.00 each. Special price for this month on Zircons, facet cut, mounted in solid gold ladies or men's rings. Unmounted loose stones sold very reasonable. Write for prices to W. Dart, Goldfield, Nevada.

New Wonderlite Ultra Violet Bulb, fits standard electric light socket. Can be used continuously if desired. A rugged bulb giving beautiful fluorescent results. Price \$2.35 postpaid. H. STILLWELL & SON, Rockville Centre, N. Y.

Mineral Sets—24 Colorful Minerals (identified) in 1x1 compartments—Postage paid, \$3.50. Prospector's Set of 50 Minerals (identified) in 1x1 compartments in cloth reinforced sturdy cartons, Postage paid \$5.75. Elliott Gem Shop, 26 Jergins Arcade, Long Beach 2, Calif.

Have on consignment another collection of 300 beautiful cabinet specimens, including some \$25 and \$50 pieces. Price for the lot \$550. A. V. Herr Laboratory, Assayers & Chemists, 5176 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 27, Calif.

"HERKIMER COUNTY DIAMONDS." You cannot have too many of these gem-like crystals. Very attractive assortments at \$1.50-\$2.50-\$5.00-\$10.00 and up. Postage paid. H. STILLWELL & SON, Rockville Centre, N. Y.

Good cutting material, Petrified Wood, Agate, Jasper, \$1.00 per lb. Special mixed lots \$4.00 for 5 lbs. Variscite specimen material \$1.00 per lb. and up. Geodes and Ribbon Rock, 5 lbs. for \$2.00. Please include postage. John L. James, Tonopah, Nevada.

Send for our cutter's selection: 1 lb. Moss or Fern Agate, 1 lb. Mint Canyon Agates, 1 lb. colorful Jasper Agate, 1/2 lb. California Palm Wood, good quality, 1 Piece Carnelian. Postpaid \$2.50. MINERAL MIRACLES, 12103 Louise Ave., Compton, California.

Violet Kashmar sapphire. Rosiclore fluorite groups. Arizona Wulfenite, Montana sapphire and garnet, polished slabs and nodule saganite, Brazilian rutulated quartz slabs. Money back if not satisfied. The Desert Rats Nest, 2667 E. Colorado, E. Pasadena, Calif.

Fossils from the Ordovician of the Cincinnati area, Bryozoa, brachiopods, gastropods, cephalopods, corals. Single specimens 25c, 5 for \$1.00. Will also exchange. H. Bradtmueller, 6936 Ken Arbre Road, Cincinnati 27, Ohio.

Closed from April 8 to May 3. Going to Mexico for Opals (big ones) yum, yum. Put in your order early for the choice stones both cut and uncut. The Desert Rats Nest, 2667 E. Colorado St., E. Pasadena, Calif.

FLUORESCENT Manganiferous Calcite, glows like live coals of fire under short wave lamp, two pounds \$1.50. Beautiful, radiating Wavellite xls. in matrix, 1x2 40c, 2x3 \$1.00. Bright green Variscite in matrix, rare, 1x2 75c, 2x3 \$2.00. Postpaid and guaranteed. Thompson's Studio, 385 W. Second Street, Pomona, California.

ROCK COLLECTORS ATTENTION! — XI groups of colorful specimens—Blue Fluorite \$2.50, Orange-brown Wulfenite \$2.00. Purple Fluorite \$2.00. White Aragonite Stalactite \$1.00, Azurite \$2.50, Fluorite Cleavage \$2.00, Quartz and Pyrite \$2.00, Chalcantite Stalactite \$1.00. Free polished specimen. Complete offer only, all postpaid for \$10.00. The Rockologist (Chuckawalla Slim) Garvey Trailer Park, 941 E. Garvey Blvd., Garvey 32-P, Calif.

AUSTRALIAN FIRE OPAL: 1 gram or 1/4 to 3/8 inch 28c each or \$8.00 per oz. 1 to 2 grams approximately 1/2 in. 60c or \$10.00 per oz. 2 to 3 grams approximately 3/4 to 1 in. \$1.25 each or \$10.00 per oz. Larger pieces in three different sizes \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 each or \$12.00 per oz. One Superb specimen 1x2 1/2 inches \$20.00, one piece 1x1 3/4 inches \$14.00. On all orders add extra for postage and insurance, also uncut gem material carries the 20% luxury tax, residents of California add 2 1/2% for state sales tax. A. L. Jarvis, Rt. 2, Box 350, 3 mi. south of Watsonville on St. Highway No. 1, Watsonville, Calif.

AMONG THE ROCK HUNTERS

One of the finest collections of rare quartz crystals in the country can be seen at the Museum of the Ozarks, a branch of the Ozark Biological Laboratories, 769 Park Ave., Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas. Mr. Byron C. Marshall is owner and manager of this nationally known institute.

The Arkansas Mineral society invited the State Mineral Society of Texas of which A. E. Curry of San Angelo is president, to join the Arkansas group's April 15 field trip to the famous Magnet Cove where large quartz crystals are found. Guide on the trip was to be Joe Kimzey, former Arkansas state geologist.

Rockhounds Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cowin of Wapato, Washington, and Grace Dearborn, Boston, Mass. are wintering in California.

Long Beach mineralogical society has purchased and installed in the clubhouse 4104 Allin st. a cabinet in which to display its specimens.

Karl Von der Ahe talked on bloodstone at March 14 pot luck dinner meeting of Long Beach mineralogical society. At a previous session Ada Soper talked on amethysts and Mr. Pervis on early history of the club; Bill Carlson warned of sharp practices in diamond dealing.

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8-inch.....	5.50	14-inch.....	11.00
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4 x 1/2-inch.....	\$ 1.05	\$ 1.10
6 x 1 -inch.....	2.40	2.60
8 x 1 -inch.....	3.60	3.90
10 x 1 -inch.....	5.00	5.30
10 x 1 1/2-inch.....	7.00	7.50
12 x 1 -inch.....	6.90	7.50
12 x 1 1/2-inch.....	9.60	10.40
12 x 2 -inch.....	12.30	13.30

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8" x 2" x 1" Dressing Brick..... \$.85

ABRASIVE GRAIN ... Silicon-carbide grains in grit sizes 60, 80, 100, 120, 150, 180, 220, also F (240), FF (300), and FFF (400).

50c per lb. in single lb. lots
35c per lb. in 2 to 5 lb. lots
30c per lb. in 6 to 99 lb. lots
23c per lb. in 100 lb. lots or more

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POLISH POWDER ... Tripoli Polishing Powder, 2 lbs. \$.85

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6 x 1-in.....	\$4.25	10 x 1 -in.....	\$11.00
8 x 1-in.....	7.25	10 x 1 1/2-in.....	14.90
10 x 2-in.....	\$19.00		

Arbor hole sizes: 1/2", 5/8", 3/4", 7/8", 1".
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Width	Price per Ft.	No. Ft. per \$	Price per 150 ft. Roll	Roll Ship. Weight
2"	5c	24 ft.	\$ 4.70	3 lbs.
3"	7c	15 ft.	6.90	5 lbs.
8"	17c	7 ft.	18.00	12 lbs.
10"	22c	6 ft.	22.00	15 lbs.
12"	25c	5 ft.	26.50	20 lbs.

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Cogitations . . .

Of a Rockhound

By LOUISE EATON

It's no wonder therz more papa rockhouns then mama wuns. Mamas has to keep home runnin smoothe but th m'les uv the species can talk an' lick an' talk an' talk while th ladies fixes eats, does washin an' cleans house. It usta be diff-runt when field trippin was possible, cause men sorta prides selves on bein good camp cooks an' so they took over most uv the chores on a field trip. But now when it's stay-at-home-n-try-to-like-it the mamas is sort of left out if they wants to be polite an' good hostesses. And they don't like it.

When sum rockhouns was kids they lived right in rok huntin n findin territory an' didn't know about it. That is, they placed no value on the pretty pebbles they collected an' just left em behind when they moved. Now they'd shure like to go back to thoz fields.

Didja ever see wun rockhoun explain-in by map to a nuther rockhoun how to find field trip territory? A few lines, dots, an' arrows sketched on a scrap uv paper is all that's necessary. The result doesn't look much like Norton Allen's maps, but it serves the purpose.

Jeeps is gettin their nozes broken by a new contrapshun known as a weasel. It is claimed that weasels can do everything jeeps can and a lot more, espeshully when it cums to ruff, tuff an' sandy goin. Rockhouns is beginnin to dream of travellin in weasels when the duration is over.

New officers of the Kern County, California, mineral society are: Wm. F. King, president; Geo. Hudson, vice president; Mable O'Neil, secretary-treasurer; John Kennedy, field scout; Gilla Kenney, curator. For the April program, H. C. Tillman was scheduled to lecture on Mt. Lassen and the lava caves of northern California.

First issue of the Arkansas Mineral Bulletin, issued by the Arkansas Mineralogical society at Little Rock, came to the Desert Magazine office recently. Edited by Richard Buhlis, secretary, the bulletin has an informative article on Arkansas Quartz, written by Dr. H. W. Wheeler, mineralogist of the Arkansas geological survey, and other interesting material for the collector.

President Brown was host to the mineralogical society of southern Nevada at February meeting. Mr. Critcher from Oregon exhibited plume agate jewelry. Mr. Pollock from Boulder City, Colorado showed an assortment of petrified woods identified as pine, redwood and poplar.

Umqua mineral club, Roseburg, Oregon, studied garnets at March meeting. Margaret Carr talked on types, colors and forms of garnets. Jack Wharton read an original article describing conditions under which garnets are formed and where they are most likely to be found. Leslie Roberts is newly elected president and Jack Wharton secretary. The group has made up a box of minerals representative of Douglas county to be sent to a service man in Texas who inquired regarding minerals of that section.

SPRING SPECIAL . . .

A box of 12 Colorado minerals, all different and large specimens full of color. 3x3 or larger. Buy one for \$1.00, buy the 12 \$7.00 for all. These are nice.

JACK THE ROCKHOUND
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WEST TEXAS AGATE . . .

GEM QUALITY assorted cabochon agates including highly colored banded and the beautiful jasper flower-agate. \$2.50 per lb. Prepaid. Good quality mixed cabochon material, \$1.25 per lb. Prepaid. Send for Price List on other Choice West Texas Minerals.

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2020 WESTLAKE • SEATTLE 1, WASH.

West Coast mineral society planned to hold its April meeting in the mineral store of Ed Matteson in Brea, California.

Klamath Falls mineral club has chosen the following officers: Kenneth McLeod, president; Judge D. V. Kuykendall, vice-president; E. P. Livingston, secretary-treasurer. Meetings are held last Thursdays in chamber of commerce rooms. Visitors, especially service men, are always welcome.

Snake River gem club reports a membership of 53. John Glass is president and Jas. F. Tice, Rt. 5, Weiser, Idaho, is secretary. The group draws membership from Payette and Weiser, Idaho, and Ontario, Oregon. The club meets once a month, usually in Payette, which is centrally located.

Michigan mineral society is compiling an "accopress" expansible binder in which members will place clippings, notes, mineral outlines, etc.

Imperial Valley gem and mineral society enjoyed a swap game at regular April meeting held at home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Seaman, Holtville. Hereafter the county courthouse in El Centro will be available to the group for regular meetings, first Saturdays 7:30 p.m. Any rock minded person is invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Cutter of Arcadia were guests at March meeting of Orange Belt mineralogical society held in San Bernardino junior college. They showed many beautiful gem stones, spheres and turned onyx. J. C. Filer described a field trip to southern Santa Rosa mountains for petrified wood, sand concretions, calcite, barite and amber calcite.

W. Scott Lewis states that moldavites and other tectites which have fallen in diffuse showers in various parts of the world are now believed to be fused bits of lunar surface probably displayed by meteors. They are a fused glass like obsidian, but differ from any obsidian found on this planet.

TRUE OR FALSE ANSWERS

Questions are on page 12

- 1—True.
- 2—False. Geronimo was an Apache.
- 3—False. Phantom ranch is at the foot of Bright Angel Trail in the Grand Canyon.
- 4—True.
- 5—True.
- 6—False. Tahquitz was a god of the Cahuilla Indians in California.
- 7—True.
- 8—True.
- 9—False. Lost Dutchman mine according to legend was in the Superstition mountains of Arizona.
- 10—False. Screwbean derives its name from the shape of its bean.
- 11—False. Lowell Observatory is in Arizona.
- 12—True.
- 13—True.
- 14—False. The Hualpai are mainly stock raisers.
- 15—True.
- 16—False. The genus Rhipsalis is native to Ceylon and Africa.
- 17—True.
- 18—False. Wickenburg is on the bank of the Hassayampa.
- 19—True.
- 20—False. Joseph Smith was the founder of the Mormon Church.

Earl L. Calvert gave a description and history of copper mines of northern Michigan and H. Stanton Hill discussed geology and minerals of that region at March 12 meeting of mineralogical society of Southern California held in Pasadena Public Library. Members displayed copper specimens from the district. March 18, Calvert kept open house for the Pasadena group at his home 1528 Ardendale, San Gabriel. A grab bag is being prepared. Members donate specimens to fill the bag which will be ready at the June meeting.

A new lapidary society was organized February 4, 1945 in San Jose, California, to be known as San Jose lapidary society. It comprises the counties of Santa Clara, San Mateo, Monterey, Santa Cruz and San Benito. R. S. Grube was elected president by the 33 charter members. Meetings are held first Tuesdays 7:30 p.m. at Koffee Kup cafe. The group is anxious to build up a library which was started with a subscription to Desert and back files.

Dr. McKim of Fresno state college lectured on prehistoric Indians of San Joaquin valley of California at March 6 meeting of Sequoia mineral society held in Parlier high school.

Los Angeles lapidary society discussed faceting at March 5 meeting held in Friday Morning club house. Four members displayed their faceting devices and explained steps necessary to finish a stone.

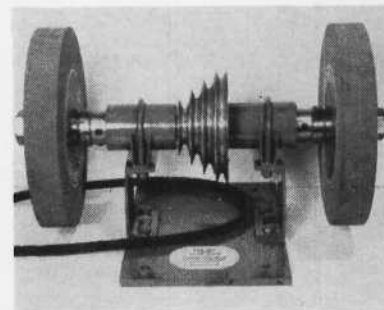
O. C. Smith showed movies of his hobby, placer mining, at March 20 dinner meeting of Pacific mineral society in Los Angeles. The group enjoyed a trip through Richfield oil company refinery of Watson station March 25. C. C. Brumk is now president of the society and J. F. Underwood, 670 So. Hillview ave., Los Angeles 22, is secretary.

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and polishing equipment. Leland Quick, who conducts this department, is former president of Los Angeles Lapidary society. He will be glad to answer questions in connection with your lapidary work. Queries should be addressed to Desert Magazine, El Centro, Calif.

By LELANDE QUICK

There is no piece of lapidary equipment that is undergoing the revolutionary changes of the diamond saw. The development of high speed saws for war industry has made the average lapidary pant for the end of the war so that he can get his hands on a saw that will go through a rock like a hot knife through a pound of butter. While I have heard talks on these saws by the developers of them I have heard of no advances in the lubricants used (aerosol already seems a thing of the past) and William Baxter, author of *Jewelry, Gem Cutting and Metalcraft*, has asked my aid in taking a census of Desert Magazine readers on the lubricant they are now using. I think that half kerosene and half No. 30 motor oil is entirely satisfactory and I believe most people use it but if anyone is using anything else it would be a big help to Baxter's research if you would drop me a postal and tell me what you are using and why. I would like to get some opinions on aerosol too from people who have used it. Several of the major oil companies are working with Baxter on this research but I think he is wise in going right to the horse's mouth for his tips. Will you cooperate in this? A postal will do.

Having had many letters from the boys in the Pacific area I hope that this particular issue reaches many of them for it should help them turn a penny for themselves. The furor over the shell cat eyes has made the service men acutely conscious of gems and I have no doubt that the experience of a returning soldier who recently came to me with an opal is being duplicated daily. This man had purchased a magnificent precious opal from an amateur lapidary in Australia for \$100. It weighed almost 17 carats so that the charge of about \$6 a carat for a really remarkable gem of even color was fair indeed. But he had not reckoned with the customs authorities and he had to pay \$69 duty on it when he came home. He then offered it for sale to a jeweler who advised him it had to be recut as it was a little high on one end and side. He was referred to a lapidary who said he wouldn't touch it until an insurance company had issued a policy to cover it while it was being recut. The premium was about \$80; the charge for recutting was \$200. In other words this soldier was treated fairly abroad but victimized terribly when he got home. I know a dozen amateurs who could have trued up that gem in jig time although all of them, including myself, would have been frightened at the responsibility. Of course I put the lad in touch with interested and reliable authorities and he made a satisfactory deal.

If service men get into areas where gems of any kind are for sale they would be wise indeed if they turned any surplus cash they had into gems for they can resell them at home to reputable jewelers for three or four times their cost abroad providing they have selected good gems and bargained successfully. Gems purchased in the rough require no duty but finished gems do, and enough money should be saved to pay the duties at this end. Men who did lapidary work at home should not be victimized on rough material too easily. Of course finished gems will bring a readier sale in American markets.

Mention is again made, for the last time before it opens on May 12, of the annual exhibition of the Los Angeles Lapidary society being held at and sponsored by the Los Angeles Museum of Science, History and Art in Exposition Park, Los Angeles. Those of you who are

This page of Desert Magazine is for those who have, or aspire to have, their own gem cutting


interested in the lapidary art are probably anxious for the moment when you can feast your eyes on the thousands of gems that will be exhibited. Lapidaries will need no urging to attend this top event but I want to direct a word to the readers who are unacquainted with the lapidary art. Every magazine has its loyal subscribers but probably no magazine in the country has as many readers claim for it that "they read every word of it from cover to cover" as has Desert Magazine. Those people may skip a little when they come to this section, which is at the back of the magazine and hits the readers' eyes about the time they are susceptible to boredom. But if they do struggle through with it with an exclamation of—"Wonder why they print this stuff in a magazine like this," I'd like to urge them to come and see for themselves, if they are within easy distance of Los Angeles. See that more than half of the gem stones on display come from the desert regions. See what can be done with rocks you wouldn't think were good enough to toss at a jack rabbit. You will count your visit as one of the memorable experiences of your life—and certainly your next visit to the desert will mean a lot more to you. You will then realize what the Master meant when He said, "Eyes have they but they see not." He spent His life in the desert and He knew.

Inquiries continue coming from the service men asking where they can train to become professional lapidaries after peace. I do not know. Close questioning reveals that no lapidary course exists anywhere in America. The Gemological Institute does not teach lapidary procedure; only gem testing, identification, etc. It seems to me that the government should add a lapidary school to their vocational training program and I suppose they will if as many men will ask about it as have asked me for information. Los Angeles would be the logical place for such a school as competent teachers and materials abound in the area and it probably will be the chief port in the great trade with the Orient. Certainly the lapidary vocation would be ideally suited to the handicapped soldier who must sit at whatever work he does and I hope the planners do something about it.


DID YOU KNOW . . .

- The Egyptian placed a ring on the finger of his wife as a symbol that he trusted her with his house. This became the wedding ring.
- All chickens killed in Muzo, Colombia, must be examined by a public official who removes any emeralds found in the gizzard.

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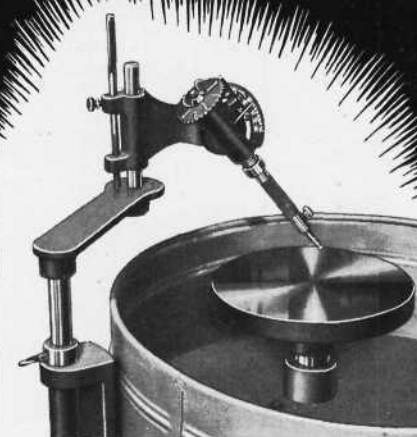
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EQUIPMENT COMPANY, INC.

2020 WESTLAKE

SEATTLE 1, WASH.



By RANDALL HENDERSON

RECENTLY I stopped at a little ranch in Morongo valley for a chat with Allen Bobo who recently got his discharge from the navy and is now raising turkeys.

Allen and his brother during their school days earned spending money by capturing live snakes for museums and scientific laboratories. They were paid 35 cents a pound and found it very profitable during their vacation periods.

"But we don't do that now," Allen explained. "It is a mistake to kill off the snakes. It upsets Nature's balance. Snakes are a farmer's best friends, and especially rattlers because they kill more rodents than other species."

Allen has been bitten by rattlesnakes more than once, but through prompt and proper treatment suffered no ill effects from the experience.

* * *

Without doubt, I am the world's worst automobile driver. At least I am sure I spend more time digging my car out of sand and bogs and the various other kinds of traps which Ol' Man Desert lays for tenderfoot tourists, than any other human. My car—any car I drive—seems to have an uncanny way of getting itself into trouble.

Once, years ago when I went down into Lower California as a reporter to write a story about the damage done by an earthquake, I let the car skid into a crevasse caused by the quake—and spent hours getting out. I've been stuck in dune sand, wash sand, blow sand and quicksand—and if there was any other kind of sand on my desert beat I would have been mired down in that too. I have dug and pried and pushed my jalopy out of slimy clay, snow banks, water, rocks, silt, and just plain 'dobe mud. Once, up in Monument Valley I got hung up on one of those drifts of tumble weeds. And I never seem to learn any better.

My latest adventure was the most disgraceful of all. Generally I sweat it out and eventually have the satisfaction of muddling through on my own power. But this time I had to call in a tractor—something no self-respecting desert rat would ever do.

It happened this way: I drove off for a weekend at Dos Palmas, a historic waterhole at the western toe of the Chocolate mountains on the north side of California's Salton sea. This was a station on the old Bradshaw stage road in the 'seventies, and was used as the mail and freight route from San Bernardino to the La Paz placer camp north of Ehrenberg on the Arizona side of the Colorado.

Dos Palmas very properly should have a place in the palm oasis series I am now writing for *Desert*. And so I went there to get some late pictures and check up on road mileages. The army and marines and All-American canal contractors have made many changes in the old trails on the Southern California desert in the past three years.

My assignment turned out badly. Some vandal—or perhaps it was a careless camper—had burned the palms at the Dos Palmas springs within recent months. The trees will recover, for

they have a good water supply—but it will take many months, and I do not want to present this oasis to *Desert* readers until it has regained some of its natural charm. So the story will wait.

Off on the horizon some miles from Dos Palmas is another little group of native Washingtonias. I have seen them in the distance many times, but the desert over that way is far off the beaten trail and I never felt I had the time or the right equipment to reach them.

Since the Dos Palmas story was out for the present, I searched the brush for some kind of trail leading to the distant palms, and discovered a couple of ancient tracks going in that direction. The trail started off through saltbush and arrowweed and I was rolling along on a salt encrusted surface that seemed firm as a pavement.

There was a damp place ahead, but I thought nothing of it. Then suddenly the car dropped to the axles, with the wheels spinning in black mush. Moisture serves to pack ordinary sand, and improve its texture for travel. But this wasn't sand. It was alkali-impregnated clay, oozing with water—an underground spring.

Getting out of such a hole is not a serious problem when there are planks, or even rocks, to put under the wheels. But there wasn't a pebble as big as my fist. The only material at hand was arrowweed. With the help of some equipment in the car I established a foundation for the jack, and lifted the car one wheel at a time. Under each wheel I built a matting of weeds, and a runway back to solid ground. And when I started the motor those weeds squashed into the goo like so much straw. And the wheels went on spinning.

So that was that. I could see the roof of the Dos Palmas ranch off in the distance, perhaps a mile away, and the temptation was too great. I gave my pride a kick in the pants and hoofed it over to that ranch for help.

And now I want to offer an apology. I want to retract all the dirty remarks I have ever made about "dude ranchers from Hollywood." For the folks who got me out of that mudhole are full-fledged citizens from Hollywood boulevard in the heart of the Movie City.

It seems that Raymond R. Morgan of the Hollywood advertising agency which bears his name, bought the Dos Palmas ranch about a year ago as a sort of desert retreat for his staff and clients. Raymond wasn't home when I knocked on the door but his very efficient secretary was there—and also J. L. Landress, their head farmer. They rustled some log chains, got out the tractor and yanked my car out of that mudhole with a dispatch that would have done credit to Dad Fairbanks and Shorty Harris.

Last month I wrote, "I think I would like to have some Hollywood folks for neighbors . . . but I hope they'll leave Hollywood on the other side of the mountains and just be simple genuine human beings when they come out here."

And that's the kind of people I found at Dos Palmas ranch. Thanks, neighbor, for the lift!



SIXTY YEARS OF FUN IN THE SOUTHWEST

As a youth in England Godfrey Sykes read Capt. Mayne Reid's thrilling tale of the Texas plains, *The Headless Horseman*, and resolved that he would become an American cowboy.

As soon as he had finished engineering school in the British Isles he bought passage on a boat that would bring him to the land of boots and saddles and adventure.

That was more than 60 years ago—and Godfrey Sykes has spent most of the intervening years in the Southwest. Well along toward 90 years of age, his home is now in Tucson, Arizona.

He took a fling at cowpunching, rode herd on the famous old trail from Texas to Dodge City, Kansas, and eventually became foreman of a cattle ranch. But Godfrey Sykes' interest in life extended far beyond the range, big as it is, and his cowhand days merely were the prelude to a life that has been full of high adventure.

He tells the story with quaint humor in the autobiography which has just been published by the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, *A WESTERLY TREND*.

In reading this book, one is amazed that a man could have accomplished so much in one life time. He and his brother owned the Turkey Track cattle ranch at Flagstaff. He helped engineer and build Lowell Observatory on the rim of Grand Canyon. He worked for a season as Indian trader. When running water and plumbing came to Flagstaff he was in the heating and plumbing business. Many of his years were spent as a scientific associate at the Desert Laboratory.

In between these occupations he found time to tour the world in a tramp steamer. He served in London during World War I. He spent some time on an engineering mission in Japan and was in Egypt on a scientific expedition for several months.

His special hobby during all this period was a study of the Colorado river, and particularly the delta region. During the early days at Flagstaff he built a boat, hauled it to Needles, and with a companion floated downstream through a tidal bore that caused them considerable trouble and into the Gulf of California. Due to an accident for which Sykes assumes full blame, the boat was burned, leaving the two men with four gallons of water and four dozen hard-tack biscuits as the sole food and water supply for a 150-mile trek over the desert to Yuma.

Not discouraged by this experience, Sykes returned to the delta again and again on camping and scientific explorations. He generally is recognized today as the dean of all authorities on this interesting region.

Despite his caustic comment regarding some of the innovations that civilization has brought to the Southwest, he maintains a sense of high good humor. The troubles of the frontier began, he writes, "with the arrival of the first lawyer and the hanging out of his shingle." And again, "Fortunately for our collective peace of mind, that crowning indignity, the Dude Ranch, staffed by guitar-twanging imitation cowboys clad in ten-gallon hats, polychromatic shirts, and the modern conception of the old-time cowhand's footgear, did not appear to travesty our former simple and comparatively blameless lives until our happy horse days had become well-nigh forgotten amidst the steadily increasing reek of gasoline and lubricating oil."

In the foreword of the book, Frank C. Lockwood writes, "I regard *A Westerly Trend* as the greatest autobiography that has come out of the Southwest."

Publication date February 23, 1945. Illustrated. 325 pp. \$4.00.

—RANDALL HENDERSON

VERSE FROM THE RANGE

"I've roped a few rhymes and lyrics out of the herd I believe you'll like," writes Al Summers in the foreword to a book of poetry, *WHERE CATTLE ROAM*. "I never studied poetry or art, but have tried to picture the cowboy and the western range horse as I know them."

Published by Mathis Van Nort & Company, Dallas, Texas. \$2.00.

• • •

CHILDREN'S GAY BOOK OF SPANISH-AMERICAN SONGS

CHILDREN SING IN NEW MEXICO is a little brown book of music, charmingly illustrated with pen sketches. The author Roy A. Keech has affectionately dedicated it "to all of the well-behaved, happy, and lovable Spanish-speaking children, and to their English-speaking friends, in all the Americas."

Throughout his travels in the Southwest, Mr. Keech collected many of the gay little verses and tunes chanted by Spanish children about their play, their friends, their animals and their holidays. Believing it would help fill the need for greater understanding and friendship between the children of the two races, he gathered into a book 12 of these songs in both their English and Spanish translations. J. S. Mackay furnished the music—lively and easily played and sung. Although written especially for children, the songs cannot help delighting grown-ups as well.

Clarendon Press, Clarendon, Texas, 1941. \$1.00.

—A.M.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY . . .

A WESTERLY TREND

By GODFREY SYKES

- He rode herd on the old cattle trail to Dodge City.
- He sat on the edge of the sidewalk in frontier towns and saw gunmen fight duels to death.
- He explored the Colorado river and trekked for days across the desert on hardtack and raw fish when his boat burned.
- He built the Lowell Observatory.
- He was cowboy, engineer, Indian trader, scientist, merchant, and explorer—and he even admits putting his brand on some of the neighbors' cattle.

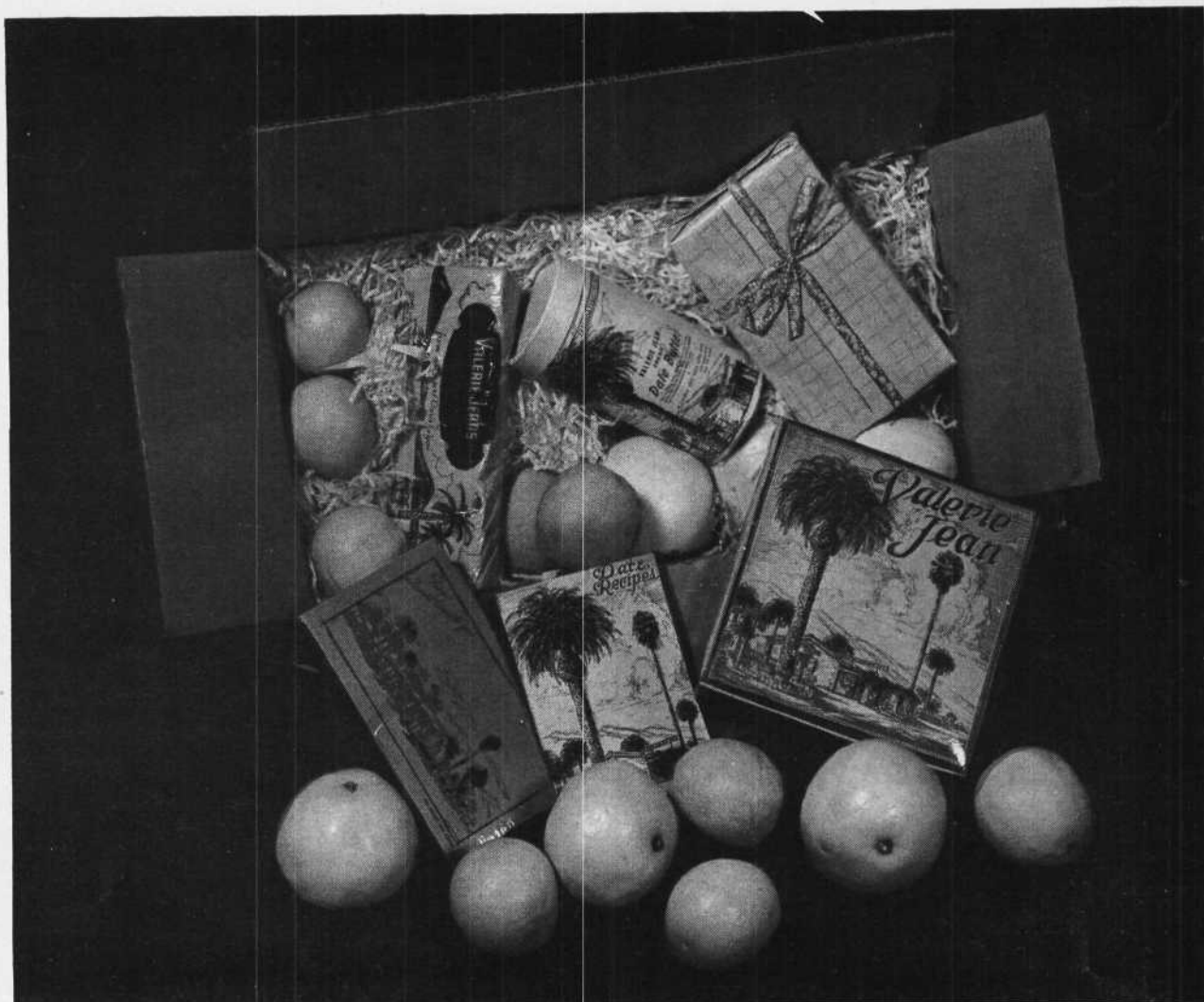
Here is an amazing story by a man who has had 60 years of active participation in the transformation of the Southwest from a desert wilderness to a national playground.

Godfrey Sykes packed more fun and experience and adventure into one year than many people have in a life-time. It is a book that should be in every Southwestern library.

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